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"ENCRYPTED ENVELOPES" &  
"TURNSITIONS"

# *Ineffectuals*

*.....Some stories lie nowhere*

HEART'S DATABASE  
& TEAM

# *Ineffectuals*

by

**Heart's Database & Team**



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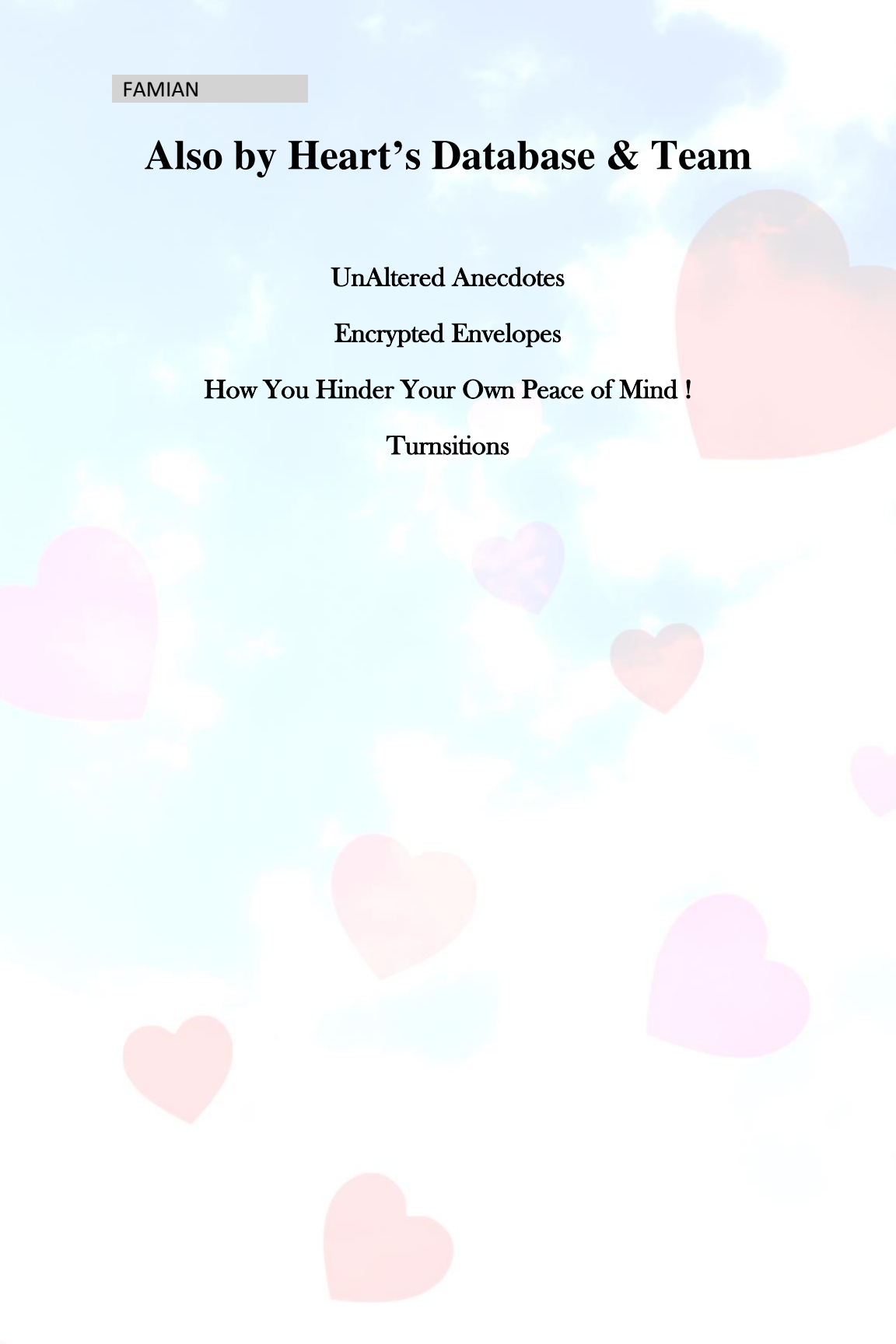
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## **CONTENTS**

<i><b>Cursed Fate</b></i> .....	<b>1</b>
<i><b>Masterpiece</b></i> .....	<b>6</b>
<i><b>Pleasant Distraction</b></i> .....	<b>12</b>
<i><b>Armored Emotions</b></i> .....	<b>18</b>
<i><b>Two Spoons</b></i> .....	<b>23</b>
<i><b>Whispering Endearments</b></i> .....	<b>30</b>
<i><b>Fourth Wall</b></i> .....	<b>36</b>
<i><b>Abrupt Timeline</b></i> .....	<b>41</b>
<i><b>Conclave Mirage</b></i> .....	<b>47</b>
<i><b>Insane Nomination</b></i> .....	<b>53</b>
<i><b>Soul of Albatross</b></i> .....	<b>59</b>
<i><b>Abridged Passion</b></i> .....	<b>65</b>
<i><b>Half Baked Mate</b></i> .....	<b>70</b>



<i><b>White Lie</b></i> .....	<b>76</b>
<i><b>Verse of Acceptance</b></i> .....	<b>83</b>
<i><b>Wordless Sin</b></i> .....	<b>89</b>
<i><b>Prior Reality</b></i> .....	<b>94</b>
<i><b>Blinked Affection</b></i> .....	<b>101</b>
<i><b>Tangled Love</b></i> .....	<b>106</b>
<i><b>Sketched Dreams</b></i> .....	<b>112</b>
<i><b>Indomitable Relation</b></i> .....	<b>118</b>
<i><b>Rolling Mayhem</b></i> .....	<b>124</b>

# INTRODUCTION

You must have heard of some iconic lovers like Romeo and Juliet, Paris and Helen and many more of them. What do they all have in common? Why are they remembered even if their love stories have an end that was not beautiful. Even after being incomplete love stories all lovers swear to love like them. It's all because the amount of love and respect they had for each other.

Relation is not just about matching hearts, instead it is a wardrobe full of contrast opinions, folded desires, and messy timings. And sometimes to make space in your wardrobe, you need to adjust with your partner but this adjustment becomes difficult when you get stuck between inner conflicts and outer torments. Think of it when a person starts having feelings for another, or when a family arranges a blind date or simply when you hear 'I love you' for the first time, the first thing that comes in every mind is "FOREVER".

But people need to understand that forever is not a contract of living together no matter what, instead, forever is breathing the memories and living the moments when life is giving you a chance. In short forever is not living till eternity but loving someone eternally.

Every love story carries either of two adjectives-  
'COMPLETE' or 'INCOMPLETE' with it.

A complete story is always good to hear because it always says what our ears desire. But an incomplete story on

the other hand is a crown awarded for sacrifice, adjustment, understanding and acceptance. And just because this crown weights heavier than heart, people get scared of it. But what people forget is 'what scares you for the first time can make you remember it for lifetime'. These kinds of stories are hard to find in a book because it's incomplete.

So, **INEFFECTUALS** is a collection of love stories that remained incomplete in the eyes of world but are complete in their own world.

After reading this book, you will realize that sometimes love is not always a synonym of staying or being together.

# ***Cursed Fate***

*~PRIYANKA YESODHARAN*

She looked out of the window as soon as her parents left for wedding. The greyish clouds and the cool weather assured her of another rainy day. She was an introvert. Books being her best companion, she has always relied on them. Yes, Nothing was more comfortable for Aparna. She was an English Literature student. After reading almost 1/4<sup>th</sup> of a big novel, she unlocked her phone. Few minutes of swapping onto certain apps, a notification alerts her, “It’s Rajesh’s Birthday today. Let him know you’re thinking about him!”. It summons up how she befriended him a few months ago due to mutual friends. He was quite clingy over chats and that’s when she stopped reverting.

“Well, it is his birthday today and I think it would be nice to wish him”, she thinks. She wished him. He thanked her back without complaints of ignoring his texts throughout few months. It initiated a thread of constant conversation between them for another few weeks which led to an exchange of phone numbers. Spending time with him became more comfortable when they shared similar tastes just like as in books and music. They discussed characters, places, stories, miseries and many beautiful things. It brought them closer. They met during every possible situation. They exchanged ideas, shared books and food. Aparna started liking it. Her friends started making surmises about how good couple they would make and this kept her into a restless state of mind, thinking and re-thinking if they were right.

One day Rajesh and Aparna were enjoying the ethereal sunset and the blues of the sea. They were silently enjoying the moment. As the waves lashed through her feet, her unsettling thoughts came to rest. She realized that she was in love with him.

“I have to go Rajesh,” she hurried.

“Why? Why all of a sudden?,” questioned Rajesh.

Eluding away from his question, Aparna walked off. That night was a sleepless for both of them. She was determined about not letting Rajesh know about her love for him. She believed that she'll lose a good friend. A few days after the incident, Rajesh paid a visit to Aparna's home. She welcomed him with great joy.

“Belated birthday wishes Aparna. I'm sorry, I couldn't make it!,” he stood there with a puppy face. Aparna's face gleamed with joy. Rajesh hands over a gift wrapped beautifully. She opens it up to know that it was the hard copy of her all-time favorite, ‘Pride and Prejudice’.

“Happy Reading,” he hugged her, asked her not to forget few underlined words and went away. Quite bewildered of his behavior she sat thinking. She could feel a page bookmarked. She flipped it to find page number 174, chapter 34. Few lines were found underlined with red sketch pen and she read it aloud,

“In vain I have struggled. It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you.”

Just like how astonished the major character Elizabeth was from the novel, Aparna was too. Her smile beaming with happiness and there were tears of joy in her eyes. She closed the book and hugged it. After a few more minutes of unending uncertain thoughts, she decided to call him. She arranged a meet. They dated a few months and those were the best days. This came under the notice of her cousin brother and she became the part of an innumerable session of questions. He seemed more interested than angry. Later she met Rajesh.

“I think you should meet my cousin. He would love to meet you,” Aparna’s voice full of interest.

“What for?,” he shrewdly asked.

“Aren’t we committed? That’s what you said last time. And I find no harm in you meeting my brother.”

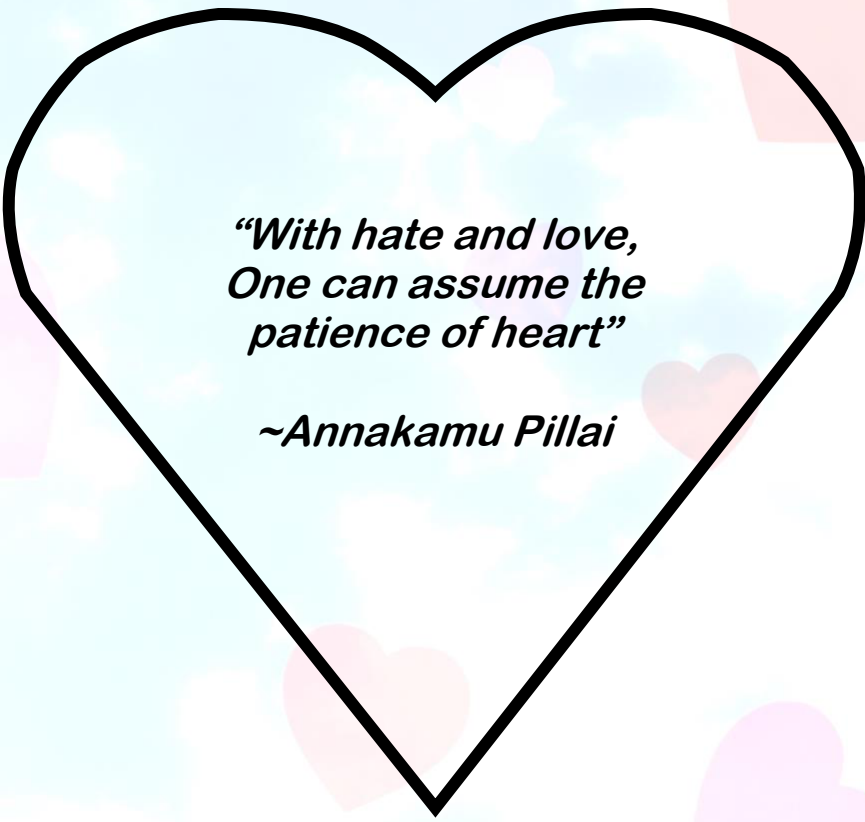
“Committed? I don’t remember saying that when I clearly know that being in commitment is not my cup of tea,” Rajesh laughed.

Aparna stood still. She did not utter a word. She walked off. Later, she cried several nights. She had an expectation that he would come back to her as if he was playing some type prank. It never happened. She was sleepless, sick and tired.

Months passed and she was in phase of healing. Later she heard it through her friends that he loved her truly but he decided to drift away because their paths were different. His parents never liked it. And he was worried to go against them as his father was a heart patient. Now, she is stronger than before because she knew he truly loved her.

Many love stories end up because of differences, death or dramatic involvement of society. And Aparna’s became one of them.

\*\*\*\*\*



***“With hate and love,  
One can assume the  
patience of heart”***

***~Annakamu Pillai***



# ***Masterpiece***

***~ ARSHIYA FATHIMA TANZIL***

The evening was windy with its pleasant breeze. The shops and stalls were all shining in vibrant colors. The aroma of fresh made *desi* food and various exhibits of art and handicraft invited people from every corner to spend the weekend in the best possible way but Kriya was desperately waiting for atleast a single person. It seemed like no one was interested in her work just like her parents. She was there that day only because of Meera, her friend who instigated her. Her childhood dream of organizing the calligraphy exhibition had really come true, but had very little response. She had about two hundred and thirteen models displayed pompously, glorifying her art work for seven years now. Every piece had a deep thought, an enchanting emotion, a captivating art form and a proclamation of her unerring passion.

She had paid a huge amount for this stall and hoped to have a decent business to raise funds for her school's orphanage. Some customers liked many pieces and had confused looks when the time came for a purchase, some bought the calligraphy at the first instance. Some just spectated her work, not knowing whether to applaud or criticize. Some tried to bargain, compelled by their habits. She had collected enough for her rent but her fund raising idea was still at stake.

A tornado of memories was encircling her heart and clouding her mind. She was reminded of her mother who warned her against this whole idea of calligraphy cubicle at the "*Vishwa Kalaa Parishad*". Her father's resent on her art from the very beginning brought tears upto the brim of her brown eyes. Her brother's mockery at her calligraphy and Aunt Varsha's endless humdrum talks of how girls were just meant

to keep the house in place, took her to a different world altogether.

Amidst this was Meera, her neighbor, her childhood companion and a friend for life, who always pushed her, inspired and persuaded her to fulfil her dreams of using her gifted skills in the best possible ways. Meera gifted her paper, canvas, paints and brushes quite often. Kriya was habituated with these gifts being presented to her.

A tall, young man, savoring the hotdogs from the adjacent cubicle caught Kriya's attention. He stood all alone under the Asoka tree for his snack, away from the hustle-bustle. He was in a light blue shirt, formal black pants and brown shoes. Kriya contemplated his nonchalant behavior when all she was in need of, was calmness. Kriya immediately looked away when he caught her gazing at him.

An unexplainable reason drifted her sight towards him again with hope... hope that her stall would receive better response and greater profits. Suddenly, she heard a deep voice discussing about one of her masterpiece. She turned in astonishment to see the same man in blue shirt. She was obliged to give him the most affable smile as he was actually talking about her work! A sense of happiness, pride, satisfaction filled her heart. She thanked her stars for sending someone who appreciated her work so much so that he was talking about them to the others around.

She was further surprised when this man went around the exhibition trying to contemplate and decipher the inner meaning of each piece. He also illustrated the same to the

other people present. This caught a larger crowd to throng the place. There was a debate and commotion about the calligraphy exhibits. People came in large numbers to know the pricing of each. Negotiations followed and there were too many who wished to buy the same piece.

Kriya was glowing in her joy for her hard work seemed to be paying off. She wished to thank the man in blue and proceeded towards him. He interrupted her and said, "Do not thank me for my actions I just did what I had to." Kriya was shell shocked to realize this man was reading mind. She asked him as to how he had gathered people and elucidated her work to them. Abir, as he introduced himself, told that he was a development psychologist who was an intern at the "Sam's Fine Art Club" in Chicago. Kriya was hysterical to know the fact that people took fine arts as their field of study and career unlike the norm.

Abir looked into Kriya's eyes trying to read every emotion that took birth in them. When Kriya looked away, Abir's assuring hand encompassed hers. That touch was a coax which symbolized infinite promises. Kriya sobbed uncontrollably and before she realized, she was already enveloped in his warm bosom. This meant a heart to heart colloquium without the use of words. It was the first time Kriya felt protected, her dreams escalating, her hopes enchanting, her confidence rising and affection probably kindling in that small heart.

She felt at peace and wanted to be there forever. She wished the time had taken a halt. But her imagination was

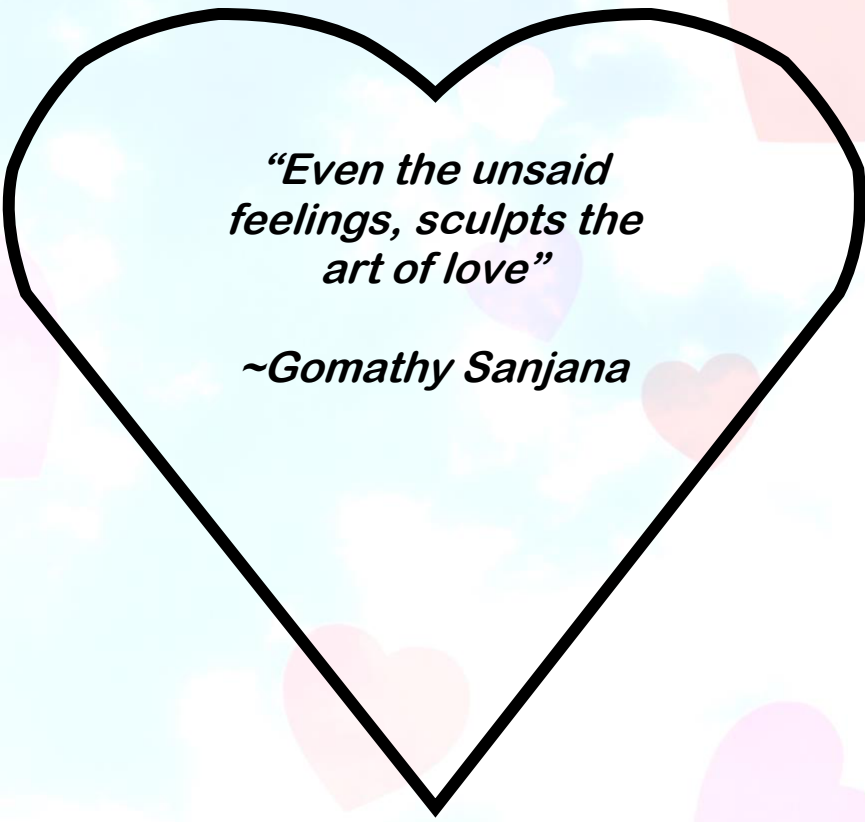
halted when Meera called out to Kriya. Meera was overjoyed at Kriya's success that day and gleefully acquainted Abir, her cousin from Chicago to Kriya. Kriya bashfully smiled at him. This ecstasy was just for a few moments because Meera spilled the beans that Abir was to catch his flight the very next week.

This news came as a thunder blow to Kriya. Her hope blossomed a few minutes ago and with a thud, was all smashed. She yearned that it was a bad dream but it was very true. Kriya was unable to define or name this relationship.

Was it affection or was it true love??

Whatever it was, it shattered her into a million pieces-pieces that could never be fixed!

\*\*\*\*\*



***“Even the unsaid  
feelings, sculpts the  
art of love”***

***~Gomathy Sanjana***

# ***Pleasant Distraction***

***~ KARISHMA M P***

Tears filled with memories fell from her eyes as she heard those lines that day.

23<sup>rd</sup> July, 2019

It was evening when the famous Malayalam song “*Parayathe Ariyathe*” by K.J.Yesudas and K.S.Chitra started playing on the television.

*“Parayathe ariyathe nee poyathalle, maruvaakku mindaanjathalle oru nokkukaanathe nee poyathalle, dhoorekku nee manjathalle....”* (You left without saying and knowing, without even replying You left without even seeing once, disappearing far away...)

21 years ago...

June is showing it's presence by sending sparkling tiny droplets from the cottony clouds. It's 7:30 in the morning. Kids are waiting in the bus stand for the school bus to arrive. Sonia slowly walked through the rain towards the bus stop with her navy blue umbrella and her brand new shiny black leather bag which her father bought recently. She was wearing a purple colored saree with a wide silver border.

Bus arrived. It was crowded with merry school children and few aunties were trying to fetch seat from them.

Sonia arrived at her destination in thirty minutes. B.Ed was something out of her interest. She merely joined it out of peer and parental pressure. She didn't object as it was just a



one year course. Never in her dreams had she thought it would hold such deep significance in her life.

The class had every kind of students including a typical “Sharmaji’s daughter”- Maya which later turned out to be headache for Sonia.

The lecturers introduced themselves. Mr.Anand turned out to be intelligent and friendly. He even qualified for civil service interview but left without attempting when an uncle made him nervous by boosting about his son’s preparation and all. So he always advises about the importance of staying in the game and the importance of self belief to his students. Mr.Madhav was friendly too but had a lot of insecurities. He often plays basketball ball with students but always acted formal in the class. He has double majors - Biomedical Science and Psychology. He taught the latter here. There were many other teachers too. Initially, Madhav was just like any other lecturer to Sonia. But with time, an unexplainable divine bond grew between them.

Madhav always gave special consideration to her. He even gave her signature on a blank paper to stick on her record when she forgot to bring it. Maya interrupted him on his friendly behavior. Maya was jealous as she was not getting that importance like Sonia. Madhav ignored her and walked away. This made Maya angry as she always had a secret crush on him.

With time, fellow classmates started talking about it. This scared Sonia as she was introvert and used to live in a very conservative society. As a result, she started avoiding him.

Madhav too liked Sonia. He couldn't take this and all his sorrows started manifesting as anger.

Once towards the end of the class, he said indirectly, "Why people ignore when you do so much for them...?" This surprised the whole class and Sonia helplessly noticed his eyes filled with tears. He immediately left the class. The class was silent for a moment.

He reduced Sonia's internal marks thinking she would approach him asking for reason. But she didn't. This only further increased his anger and he again indirectly taunted in the class "Some people don't fight for the things they deserve," making an eye contact with Sonia. He even tried to impress her with his drum set once during a study tour. Still, Sonia ignored.

Time flew. Finals started and the course was about to end, that was the first time when everyone was wondering their future.

Exams got over and college ended. Finally, It was send off day. Happiness of a new beginning and sorrow of losing memories started floating in the party hall. But Sonia sat in a corner silent, unaffected. She looked through the crowd anxiously to get a glimpse of him. But all her efforts went vain.

**Days passed...**

Sonia obtained first class marks despite her low internal marks in Psychology. After about two months, she heard that Madhav left for Boston, USA to pursue research in

Biomedical Science. Sonia felt good as he is doing well. She just wanted him to be happy.

**September, 2018**

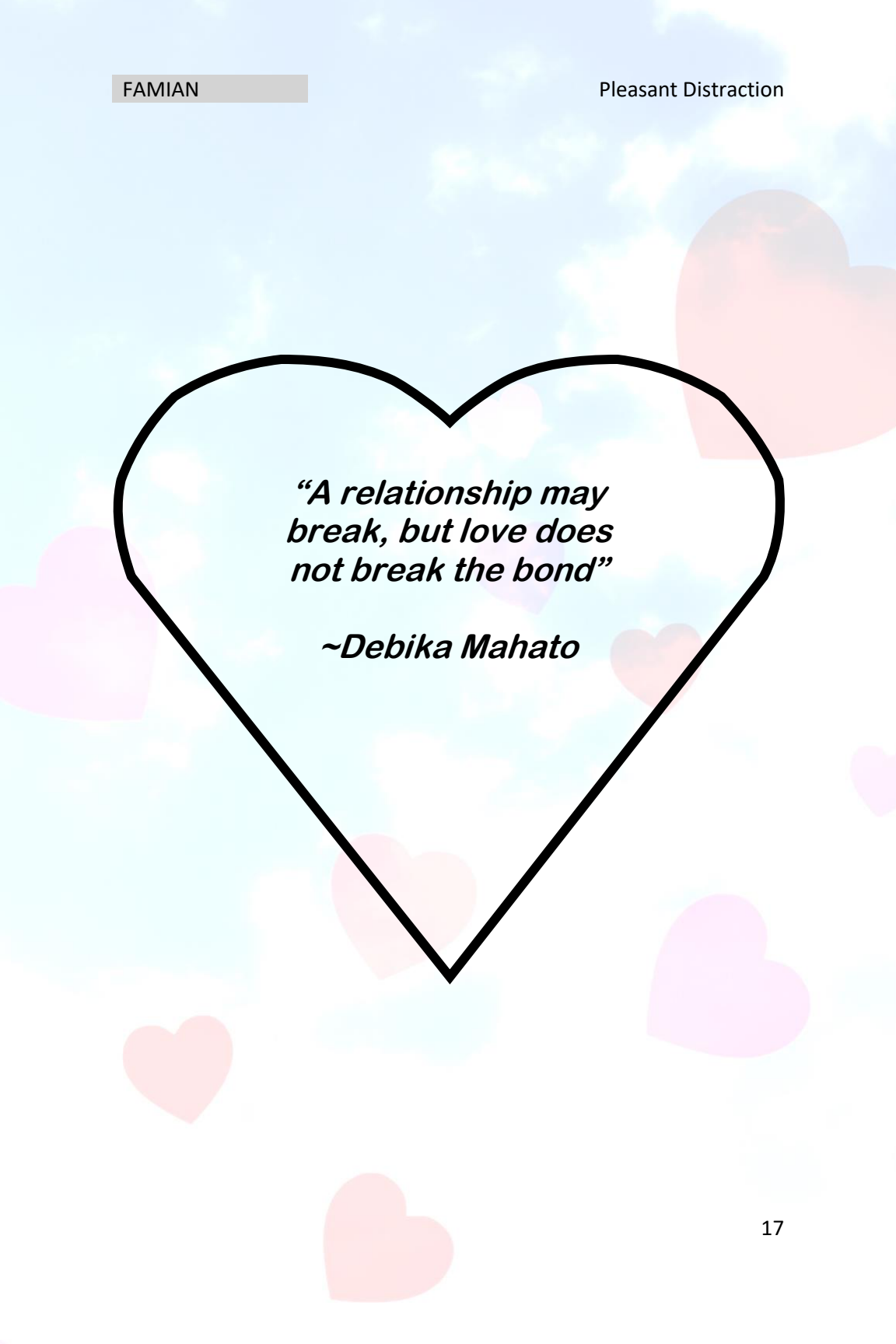
Sonia spotted him on LinkedIn. Waves of anguish in the ocean of sorrow struck the rocks of hope for Sonia. They communicated and planned for a get-together in June.

Madhav lives in Boston with his wife and daughters whereas Sonia's marriage life is not successful. She along with her daughter lives with her parents. Her God-gifted father is the only reason why they are alive. Adversities only made her stronger. She also completed her Masters in Physics and Education as Madhav advised.

**2<sup>nd</sup> June, 2019**

They never talked again. Sonia believes she should never disturb him as he has a family now.

\*\*\*\*\*



***“A relationship may  
break, but love does  
not break the bond”***

***~Debika Mahato***

# ***Armored Emotions***

***~ SALEHA QUADRI***

It was a hot sunny day and she woke up to the sounds of birds chirping in the garden. She got off the bed and freshened up. She was surprised when she saw her husband ready with breakfast.

"So here's a little surprise for my wifey !," He smiled.

"Oh,woww! How come you made breakfast for the first time?," she asked in an amazed tone while combing her hair.

"Just thought of surprising my beautiful wife before I leave," he winked.

"So, come here. Taste this and give your valuable reviews ma'am," he said while moving forward the breakfast table.

"Ummmmmm, the presentation looks amazing so full marks on that! My chef," she appreciated while picking up the fork and knife."Everything is perfect, the vegetables are perfectly boiled, the sandwich is perfectly toasted," she uttered while taking a bite from the sandwich.

"Thank you, for all the lovely compliments dear," he sighed happily.

Finally the time came, when he has to leave her to perform his duty for the nation as yesterday he got a call from the border.

"Well I hadn't thought that these 3 months with you would fly away like seconds," he highlighted.

He stepped closer, took his wife's hand and planted a kiss and mumbled, "See my love, it's time for me to leave.

Take good care of yourself and my baby too." Tears were rolling down from her eyes.

"Please, don't cry now my sweetheart," he wiped off her tears, hugged her and kissed on her forehead.

When he was about to leave, she side hugged him and uttered while weeping, "Please honey, stay with me I need you in this phase of pregnancy. Please don't go."

"It's my duty towards my nation, love, I have to perform it and you know it right," he tried to calm her down.

"Now stop crying, You are my strong lady. I love you," he said while cupping her face in his hands and planted a soft kiss on her lips. He turned, wiped off his tears and walked to the door. In no time, he was away for nation's safety.

Her days of pregnancy passed by missing him and predicting him by her side.

Finally the day arrived for which everyone was waiting eagerly. The day when she gave birth to a beautiful little angel.

When he heard this news, his happiness had no bounds as this was the first time he became a father.

That happiness was evident in his voice from the other side of the phone.

He was very eager to meet his little angel and promised his wife that he would take a leave and come home soon to meet his daughter.

But destiny has something else stored for him.

Soon after a day or two, he was shot dead by a soldier of another country during a fight at the border.

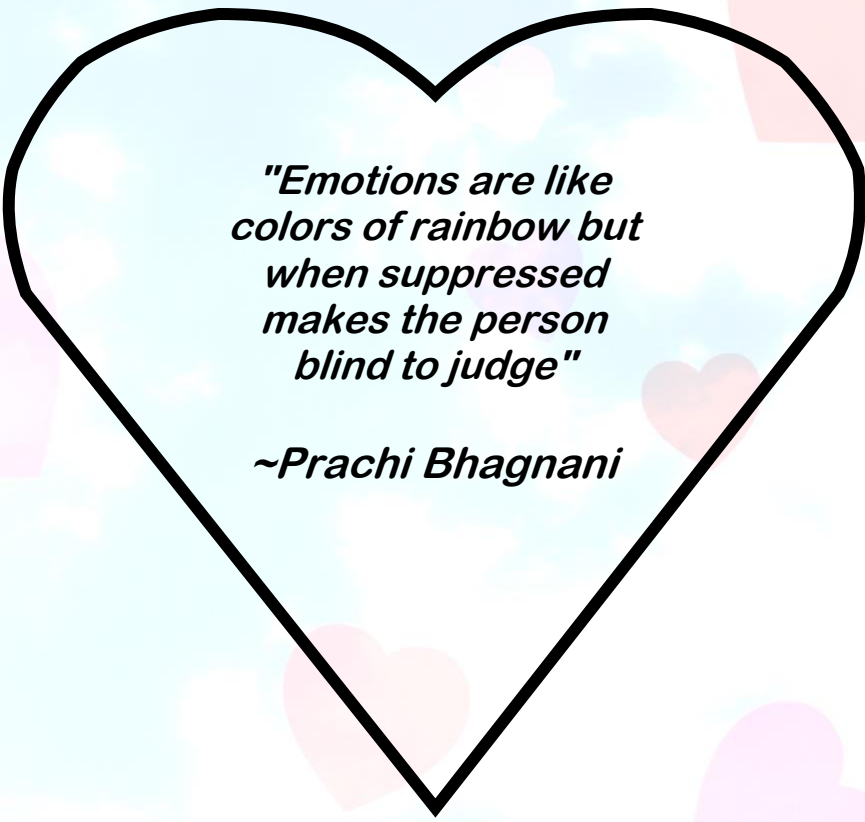
Next day his dead body arrived at his home.

His wife and family were completely shattered when they saw him wrapped in Indian flag in a coffin.

The house which witnessed the laughter of the little angel some days before was now witnessing tears and sadness all around. Little did they know that their happiness would not last long !

\*\*\*\*\*





***"Emotions are like  
colors of rainbow but  
when suppressed  
makes the person  
blind to judge"***

***~Prachi Bhagnani***

# ***Two Spoons***

*~ KAYATHRI KUMAR*

Two Spoons,” the neon light read. Buzzing with people, the place still reminds the same. The ambiance of the place, the yummy ice creams, has made this one of the best shops in the city. It used to be their all-time meet up spot. Notably, it is a roof-top venue.

One more time, she looked at the shop and walked towards it. Her legs trembled with every step; the swirling stairs lead her to the roof-top area. She had already booked a table. With every step towards the table, a plethora of memories lined up in her mind like food being neatly served at the table. The chairs were pure white, yet it glowed with a faded yellow color because of the dim light hanging above. The tables were covered by white floral satin cloth; plates kept on either side along with a clean silver spoon, a fork and white tissue paper on the other side of the plate. Pot-shaped flower vase was projected at the center of the table, white roses along with few green leaves popping out from it. Gently, she slid in the chair as the chair left a faint creak sound; kept aside her blue paper bag. Tucking her hair aside, she called out for the waiter and ordered her all-time favorite scoop. A few minutes passed, soon her patience crossed the threshold and she began to tap her feet impatiently. She took a look at her watch for the seventh time by now. The butterscotch sundae has begun to

melt a while ago. She moved her hands inside her overcoat pocket and pulled out a blue purse. She flipped open the purse and his photo came into sight. Those eyes that reflect innocence, the smile that can light the world; he is the epitome of silence. “The silence that stormed my life, but a beautiful disaster,” she murmured. “*Oye*”, he called out; as he walked in the direction of the table where she is sitting. She brushed away her tears and directed her eyes towards him. He looked the same as cute as always. He sat comfortably across her and showered an incredible smile at her. “It seems like our spot still chants our names,” he winked.

She slowly moved her fingers to pinch him.

**“You haven’t changed,” he jerked.**

**“Yah, I wanna check it if this is real so don’t back off.”**

Soon they ended up laughing at each other; “So finally we’re here,” she breathed a sigh of relief. She looked at him for a while; nothing has changed except for his hair has turned grey and his skin has wrinkled the same as hers. He was also complimenting her aged look. Their relationship was something special right from the start. Their togetherness seemed eternal, it’s like they were already connected by the

strings of cosmos. Their eyes met taking them back in the memory lane.

There they were in their 20's arguing over a gift.

**“So, when are you gonna get this gift from me?”**

**“At 60,” he replied mockingly. Neither of them realized how it's gonna turn real.**

In few time, they returned to present moment blurring past memories. Here they are in their 60's; fragile skin, grey hair, but there was something that made them glow. She narrowed her eyes at him and spoke softly, “So finally, you're receiving the gift.” He just kept his eyes fixed on her still reminiscing the good old days.

She took the blue paper bag and handed it to him. It was a blue paper bag with two teddy bears and little lines printed on the bag. He smiled and took the sandal colored rectangular cardboard box out of the blue paper bag. The thin sponge-like layer was designed in a cross pattern on the front portion of the box and a little teddy bear card hanged from the intersection of the cross. He opened it gently; a transparent baby pink sheet covered the gift. He took out the wrapper to find what is inside. A triangle-shaped object and a small packed

gift were there. He took the triangle-shaped white box and unpacked it to find a miniaturized Eiffel tower.

**“Oye,” his voice jumped in joy.**

**“I know you’ve been to Paris,” she smiled.**

**“But this is pretty than the real one,” he sighed.**

He kept the little one aside and trailed his hands to pick his last gift left in the box. It was a handcrafted gift box tied with a white bow. He delicately untied the bow, and the beautiful piece came to vision. It was a pocket watch, a golden color timepiece crafted with beautiful design. He felt happy to finally receive the gift from her and so she is.

The one thing that tangled their destiny was time. When their love was about to bloom to marriage, their destiny got ruined. Out of blue, his father’s company went bankrupt. Being a well-known man in society the bankrupt news echoed in every corner. Eventually, his father went into depression with no will to fight further, and all the family responsibility got piled up on his back. With a chaotic family scenario like that, they were left messed up. They had to sacrifice their love for the virtue of everyone. She got married to her cousin while he moved overseas to fulfill his tasks. Though they weren’t


destined to be together, they dwelled in each other's soul. As time flew, it started to drizzle along with low decibel thunder now and then, while their souls drenched in happiness.

The time for departure arrived,

"So we're parting ways again," he mumbled.

"Let's hope we get to hold hands in our next life," her voice broke into tears.

\*\*\*\*\*



***"Love is a very  
common dish to  
come by, but a very  
rare one to be  
served 'well-done'."***

***~Udisa Das***



# ***Whispering Endearments***

***~YASH D. RANPARIYA***

The cold breeze of sea water pleased me with each pleasant touch. The birds singing, leaves rustling, wind blowing with cold moves and the elegant atmosphere seemed more beautiful with the time coming more and more nearer to turn into one of my most beautiful moments of the life.

I glanced towards my wristwatch and it was 6:29 pm, exact 3 minutes to our fifth anniversary of strange love story.

I opened the boxes of chocolates and pastry cakes, to decorate it amazingly for my love. Countdown began as the hands of watch, walked further. 9...8...7...6...5...

But suddenly I was lost into our flashback....

### **The first meet...**

I was going for the preparation of my friend's late night party. He just got graduated from MBBS college, Pune after witnessing uncountable struggling days of his life and hence, it was going to be the greatest celebration of his life. I lighted a cigarette and threw my lighter on the side seat as it was empty.

I was in my fastest speed as I was already running late but the signals, they had however stopped me from the past one and a half minutes which were the most irritating when you are in hasten.

But in the very 31st second after that one long minute, the signal started for the rest but for me, it stopped there forever. With a blink of eye, that most irritating moment turned into the most glorious moment of my life. One

beautiful girl in white t-shirt and blue denim, long sexy hairs and with a wasp waist crossed the road against me, gazing me for a while.

I got shocked, seeing her got slipped in wet road exactly opposite to my car. Immediately, I opened my car doors and tried to help her but instead found that she could hardly stand properly. It was her worst condition. I made her sit inside my car and rushed to the nearest hospital.

That was the way we met and our story continued. After her treatment, I dropped her home safely. She thanked me and we exchanged our contacts. We started talking more often on chats and with time over the calls too. We seemed to understand that we liked each other so, without complicating it anymore we started meeting at cafes, parks and lot more. And finally one day we confessed it in the temple while we gathered there for the prayers of her final CA exams. She found something special in me and I always found something precious, most admiring world inside her, which made our relation protected from every tough situations.

Whenever we were in any trouble where I wanted to convince her, in her sad moods, I took her to Juhu beach, in silent place and I used to surprise her with her favorite chocolates and danced for her, in which I was the worst but since she found it funny, I used to do it always.

One day she called me to meet as soon as possible. I got worried because she her voice trembled over the call. Immediately I reached there and found her crying. While wiping her tears I got to know that she was getting engaged in

few days and would be leaving me someday soon. We both felt broke from inside deeply but didn't took a step back.

"You don't worry. This is one phase of life and you have to do it. You know what is love?," I said.

"But how?", she tried to say something before I put my finger on her moist lips. It is something which makes you feel the strongest at one moment and the most vulnerable the next moment. It is something which can make you do the most impossible of things at times. We have witnessed our love so deeply that even your marriage cannot touch our bond. It is not at all compulsory to be in the bond of marriage if you love. Marriage and love seems so much different things. Even lord Krishna and Radha loved each other but never been in the bond of marriage. We will be in contacts forever, will never leave each other alone, you go on with your new life, I am with you. We will be very good friends as we have loved each other's company.' I said and turned my face as tears rolled down my cheeks.

She also turned around after arguing for few attempts because she never rejected my views in our past 4 years of relationships and not even on that day.

We left each other and never saw each other but we never had a breakup, we chose our own lives but never stopped loving each other.

This was our story where we never broke up or fell out of love but unfortunately did not end up together.

**Present Time...**

I played her beautiful song, *Lag jaa gale*, took a bite of pastry and asked the great ocean to take one delicate bite. I found my love running towards me from the oceans with the cool tides coming nearer to me. Tears rolled down my cheeks and I called her from my mobile. Truecaller showed it, 'Krishna Patel. A broad smile exposed my feelings to the drowning sun

Love is the purest bond made ever and it never needs to be proved by marriages.

\*\*\*\*\*



***“Some pairs are like  
dusk and dawn,  
Complementary and  
completing each  
other”***

***~Aditi Agarwal***

# ***Fourth Wall***

*~ SAKSHI MEHTA*

Rishav was getting ready for the work, he said he has an important meeting while leaving for office. After the office, he met his friends Vikrant and Saurabh, the three musketeers. Saurabh Suri was moving to Australia and this could probably be their last meeting in India. They ordered drinks and started talking about their childhood days. Rishav asked, "Hey Suri, when will you get married? How long will you make us wait? And Vicky how's your wife by the way? I heard she wasn't well?". Vicky replied, "Oh! She is absolutely fine and these days she has gone to see her parents and yes Saurabh ! You are leaving India forever and Why don't you get married?"

"Nah! Not yet guys. I want to focus on my career for now and after my girlfriend cheated on me I don't feel like investing again in a relationship," Saurabh answered.

"Oh man! You should move on. Days are gone when we were in college and see even I and Priyanka, both of us are happy now, you should try moving on, not every girl will be like her," Rishav suggested.

There was an awkward silence unless Vikrant spoke, about his work and criticizing his boss, "This lady is going to kill me, she cancelled my leave and my wife had to leave alone for her parent's anniversary." The conversation continued till the moment Rishav got a call from his office. Rishav went out to talk and again came out the awkward silence for a moment which Saurabh broke with his words, "I don't know how will he manage, it's been 3 months and he needs to accept the reality".



“Yes Suri, I know and understand, I've had a word with Sneha, his counselor last week. She told me he is critical, he in his entire counseling session speaks about Priyanka and how things are going on with her,” Vikrant said.

Rishav rejoined and they all had their dinner conversing about their school days. Saurabh asked if they want to come over. Rishav denied the offer saying Priyanka must be waiting for him.

“I need to go, All the best Suri!”

Rishav left for home.

On the way home while driving, he sees a *gajre wala* and that reminded of Priyanka's smile when she used to wear a *gajra* on her hair and her expressions with the smell of *mogra*. He stopped the car and buys it.

He then sees an ice cream vendor on the street and that reminded of how in their college days they used to have ice cream and long conversation while walking home. He again stopped the car and saw the stars through the sunroof and that reminded him of how Priyanka liked observing the stars after their long drive. He memorized how much Priyanka had dreams for their marriage and how beautiful she looked and how happy she was showing him her bridal outfit during the last video call they had. As it was the only time when he could see her that happy.

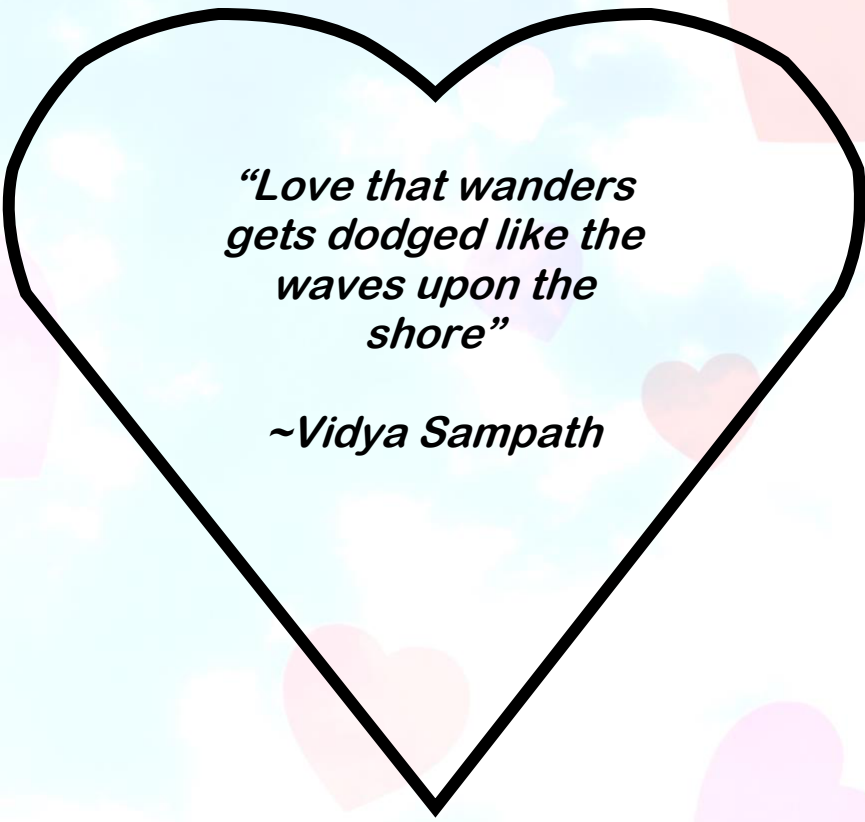
He was stuck in the traffic waiting for the signal to appear green. He saw the ambulance passing by and felt someone's worry. The siren of the ambulance hit him directly

and he felt an immense head ache as all his memories were flashing in front of his eyes, the cries, the pain and blood all around and the accident.

He reached home, opened the door and went to his bedroom and walked closer to Priyanka's photo which was hung on the wall. He keeps the *gajra* in front of the photo and sat on his knees crying silently and whispering,

“It was just a nightmare, just a nightmare! I know you are there with me forever. No accident, no physical distance can part us. We are going to be together and forever.”

\*\*\*\*\*



***“Love that wanders  
gets dodged like the  
waves upon the  
shore”***

***~Vidya Sampath***

# ***Abrupt Timeline***

*~ HARSH GOYAL*

A tense match of football between India and Australia is going on in a friendly series between the two. Raman screamed- “Go Chhetri Go” and suddenly Shaina looked towards him. She was caught in love at first sight and wasn’t able to get over after looking at Raman. Raman also noticed her and it was all happening like a perfect “made for each other.” She went to Raman and started talking about the football match and cheering for country in same intensity. The match was great and ended up in a draw. After the match, Shaina asked Raman if they can be friends and Raman, after thinking a bit, accepted the offer. Then Shaina told Raman that she and her friends are going for a meal and he may join them and Raman accepted the offer. They both exchanged their phone numbers and social media accounts and then left.

Shaina was a teacher by profession and also operates an NGO which works in the field of providing education to underprivileged children. The NGO has taught over a lakh students as there are about 3 branches of NGO in every state. The NGO was opened by her grandfather, which was overlooked by Shaina’s father and now Shaina is taking care of it. Shaina was pretty open minded when it comes to accepting social norms and tend to challenge them at every single point. Raman was a big businessman who also looked over his father’s company. Although Raman wants to do something on his own also and hence was thinking of an idea which he wasn’t getting. Raman was a guy who is more conservative and try to be more on the safer side. Its strange neither Raman nor Shaina asked each other about their respective works. Unknown of background and caste the central feeling always remained was that of love.

Days passed and their friendship became stronger and stronger. As the tradition says they both claim themselves to best friends but all of them knew that they are more than just best friends.

One fine day, when all the elements of love were in order and both of them met, Shaina proposed Raman and Raman without a second thought accepted the proposal. They are still “just friends” in front of whole world but they have now become each other’s world. The conversations between two of them had never been long right from start because of their busy schedule but it has always been beautiful. One day they decided to meet again and both of them were excited waiting for the day to come. The day came and Raman reached the place half an hour before the time. After waiting for about an hour, Raman called Shaina but to his surprise the phone was switched off. Raman got disappointed and all his excitement got finished. Raman still waited for one more hour and after that he left from the place. With all the possibilities of Shaina not coming dancing in his head, he still believed that there must be some urgent work with Shaina to complete. He came back home and after that day, he stopped using social media. However, he open his social media accounts daily to check whether there was any messages from Shaina and after seeing its not there he used to close all the apps and repeat the same thing the next day.

Waiting for five years, Raman finally decided to get married to another girl due to family pressure. Although, he loved only Shaina but after marriage he gave all the happiness he can to her wife also. Raman proved to be a great husband

and soon her wife gave birth to a beautiful and lovely daughter, whom Raman loved more than anyone else.

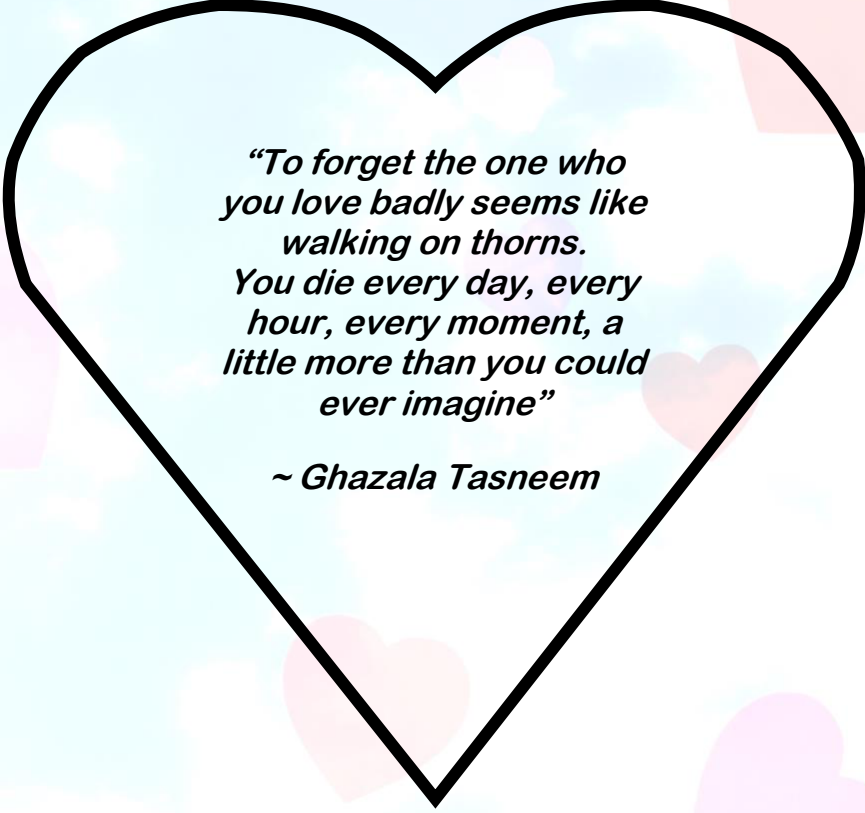
After 7 long years, finally, Shaina messaged Raman. Raman was on the seventh sky after seeing the message and that day they both are just free for each other to chat. Raman asked Shaina about why she didn't come that day and the revelation was surprising. Shaina reminded Raman about the NGO that her grandfather started and told him that after so many years the NGO have got the "Noble Prize in Peace" award and she had to go Sweden to collect the prize. Raman was happy but furious that why she didn't contacted him after the award. Shaina further explained that "After getting the Prize the schedule became more hectic as more and more institutions were calling her as chief guest and she can't refuse as only due to these institutions she was able to manage NGO in a proper way. Also she explained that her mobile got damaged and she lost all her contacts and social media accounts.

The password and IDs of all accounts was saved in diary which she wasn't able to find. Today after 7 years she found the diary and immediately contacted him." Raman after listening to all this, cried and also told Shaina that he is now married. Shaina was also on the same page as she lost all the hopes of meeting him ever again and now she is also married. They both decided to meet one more time and live the happy memories and all that's in their heart for the past few years. They met at the same place where this story left incomplete and all they can feel is inseparable feeling and they both just cried. The silence between them spoke a thousand words and

the intangible feeling hit them both. They both mutually decided to continue their relationship as a friend. The love was still there but mutual respect of situations made Raman and Shaina a perfect couple which was not destined to meet.

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***“To forget the one who  
you love badly seems like  
walking on thorns.  
You die every day, every  
hour, every moment, a  
little more than you could  
ever imagine”***

***~ Ghazala Tasneem***

# ***Conclave Mirage***

***~RUHINA RAJWADKAR***

It was a sunny day. Everything was good. In an open garden, Trina was walking with her dog while Arthur was cycling. Trina and Arthur both were good neighbors as well as good friends. Arthur Thompson was a serious type of guy while Trina Dutchinson on the other side was a cool person. She never stressed about life. The destiny is fated and so love is also dated. As Arthur and Trina were good neighbors, on the other side Arthur do have feelings for her more than friends. Trina did felt the same for Arthur but it was just a bit.

On Sunday, 13th July 2010, Arthur and Trina both met in the park. This Time Arthur did have a plan to express his feelings for Trina. Arthur while cycling addressed to Trina,

"Hey, Trina what kind of man do you like?"

Trina was confused that why Arthur is asking her such question. She then replied with a question mark on her face,

"Why are you asking such question?"

"I just wanna know," Arthur said.

Then Trina with surprise in her face amusingly shouted questioning, "Why???"

Arthur stopped cycling and parking the cycle he kneeled down and expressed with a tinge of anxiety and charming look on his face,

"I love you Trina, Will you be my girlfriend?"

Trina was amused and surprised that tears burst out and she just happily said,

“Yes, I also have feeling for you but never expressed, I love you too!”

Arthur the serious guy smiled so charmingly that he also burst into tears. Like this Trina and Arthur ended up being the lovers.

Love is the sweetest feeling anyone can ever experience but that doesn't mean that love didn't have to face any downs. There are difficulties in love too. On Arthur's sixteenth birthday he was given a surprising offer. It was because of his hard work and achievement. He was offered a scholarship in his dream university - The Melody Bridgeton University. He was happy but at the same time he was sad because he was residing in Paris but his dream university was in Copenhagen. He didn't wanna go far away from his love. His love, Trina. He was just in a phase where he has to take two important decisions. He refused his dream for his love. But because of family's happiness, he chose his dream. He never knew that this dream is going to be an unexpected situation for his love.

Before going to Copenhagen on 13th July 2011 , he met Trina and explained her everything. Trina accepted Arthur's dream but somewhere she was also feeling an insecurity as the guy she loves is going far away. Trina then said,

"Have a safe journey." She even gave him a lucky charm which was a tree (key chain).

On the next day, Arthur boarded a flight to Copenhagen from Paris and thereby his journey to acquire his dream started. It doesn't mean that Trina was not in his heart, she was still there. As he entered Copenhagen, he was filled with energy and he held the Lucky Charm in his hand which was given by Trina. There he practiced hard and hard to acquire his dream. He even called Trina most of the times when he was free. He was happy and serious with his hard work.

On his nineteenth Birthday, he requested his family that along with him they all should also go to Paris for refreshing their memories and visiting their home, their friends. His actual plan was to surprise Trina because he has not called her last year due to busy schedule. So, Arthur and his family to pay a visit went to Paris. As they reached Paris, Arthur got to know that Trina has shifted with her family somewhere else. Then he searched Trina everywhere and after a long search he found Trina and he found her in the same park where they used to be. He went near her and excitedly shouted in a delight, "Surprise!!!!" but Trina didn't get surprised she just ignored him. After ignoring Arthur she just went away from that place. Arthur then followed her and he came to a place full of greenery and swishing wind touched his heart. He got to know that she now reside at that area. Arthur felt satisfied after entering the house. Trina had went to her room. Meanwhile, her parents were in the drawing room. As they saw Arthur, they recognized him and somehow knew why Arthur had come. They made Arthur sit on a wooden chair then they said,

"You have come here to know Trina's condition, Right?"

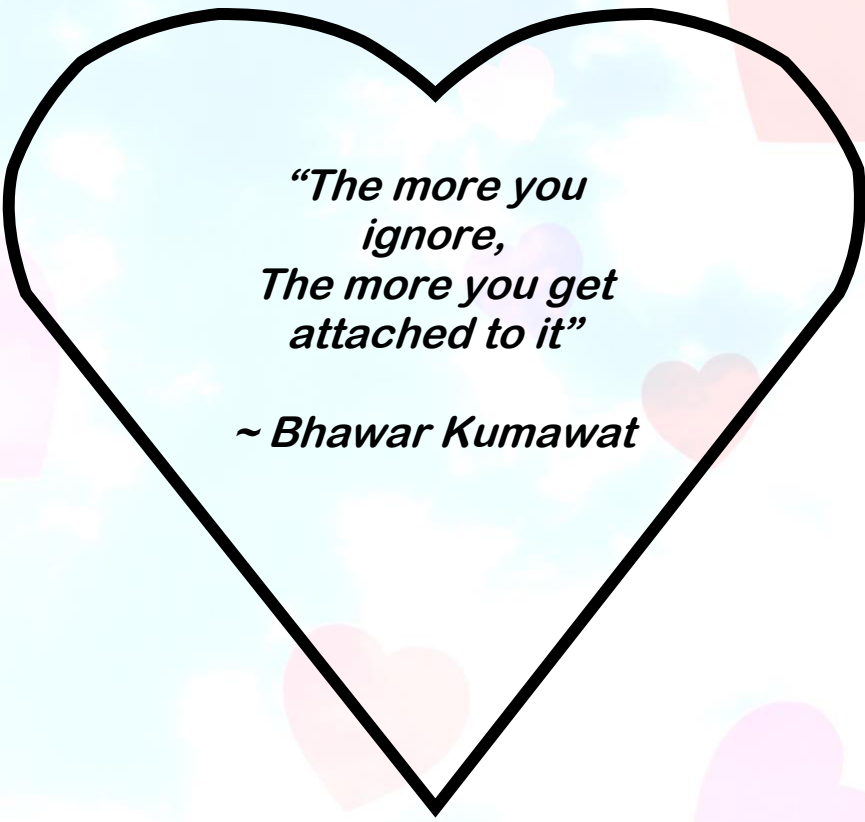
"Yes, I want to know why is she ignoring me?"

They answered his question and with a face of sadness. He took an exit from that house and went to that same park. He then recalled every single moment of him and Trina and felt to delete it in a single click. He went to his home and locked himself up in her room he literally sobbed. The reason was Trina has completely lost her memories.

She didn't even know who Arthur is? Who she is? because of an unannounced fatal accident near a bridge which made her memory loss completely.

After Sobbing, Arthur requested his family that they all including Arthur should go back to Copenhagen. And Arthur, he decided to move on his life because nothings gonna happen. And he started a new journey of Life. Leaving his story incomplete but truly filled with lots of feeling.

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***“The more you  
ignore,  
The more you get  
attached to it”***

***~ Bhawar Kumawat***

# ***Insane Nomination***

***~ REEHAN A.K. LALKHANWAR***



**M**y life was perfect, well almost, before that day. I got campus placed and was working for a reputed company. Life was in autopilot mode and was smoothly sailing.

That was the day. He called me in the meeting room. I was a little apprehensive as I had never been called by a manager before for a one-on-one. Now when I went into the meeting room, the manager seemed to be more nervous than me as he was sweating in spite of centralized AC. He spoke about work, my family, and hometown and so on. I had no idea where this was leading to.

Finally he talked about the real issue. He liked me, that's what he said. Maybe it was love at first sight, am not sure, as he said that he had been watching me. I was in such a carefree mode that I never noticed anything. He said that he has kept it to himself for as long as he could as in a professional setup this would be inappropriate but could not hold himself anymore. Now I had to either give him a chance or end it outright.

### **The Chance**

With the nature as I was, going with the flow, I decided to give him a chance and we went out on a date. He was a real gentleman and very intelligent too as at such young age he had become manager. He was also Tamil Iyer and our interest matched so much that we were able to talk for hours together on various topics. At home, I would say that I am going with friends and we went on dates regularly on weekends. During

weekdays at office, he strictly maintained a formal relation. He was a completely different man at office versus outside.

### **The Proposal**

Finally one day he proposed me. It was a simple proposal as we both liked simplicity. Within a week, he spoke to his parents and they came to my home to see me. All the stars seemed to match and our parents decided to get us engaged.

A formal engagement was done within a month. None at our office were informed. My life was sailing on high waters and I felt like I was the happiest person on the face of the earth with all the blessings filling my life. Since death of my father, I had not been as happy as now ever before.

### **The Perpetrator**

He was not feeling well from quite a few days. On several occasions, he felt dizziness. I was worried but could not do anything at office. I used to inquire about his lunch and how he is feeling. After lots of pestering over calls and messages he finally went to see a doctor.

The reports gave us a real shock with their diagnosis. It was probably his sedentary lifestyle or maybe just luck. He was so sad that he had to take medicine for the rest of his life. I consoled him in the best possible manner. I told him that there are many people in this world who are affected by this but live their life everyday normally but he did not seem convinced.

## The Day-Out

Suddenly one day he told me that he wants to spend the full day with me. He said he has got over the depression caused by the disease and wanted to celebrate. He told me to dress exquisitely which I gladly did. He came to our home, spoke to mom and brother. It was magical to see the people I love come together.

We roamed around in malls and went to a very romantic place and had lunch. We went to parks and took various rides. Most of the time he kept staring at my face. Every time I asked him why he would say that he wants to absorb my beauty and I would turn his face away just to have him staring again.

## The Note

The very next day his father came home. I was so tired with all the partying of yesterday that I woke-up late. I noticed that my would-be father-in-law had come home. I quickly got neatly dressed and went out and spoke to them. They gave strange cold responses and I knew something was wrong. My mom took me aside in my room and gave me a piece of paper and said that it was a note for me. She sat by me as I read,

“Dearest Thennavani,

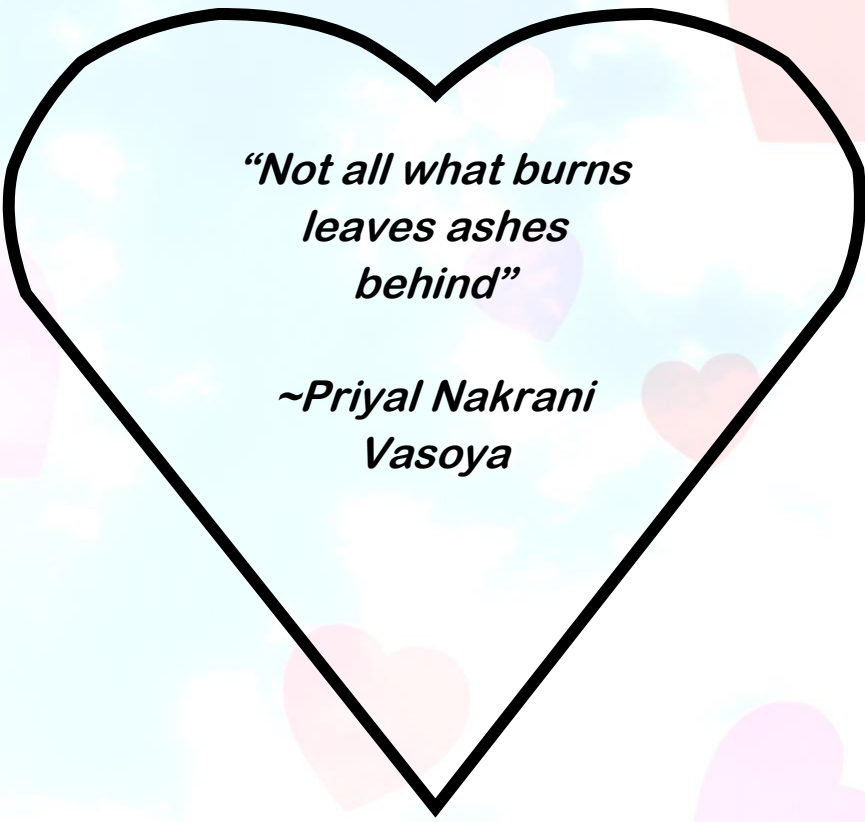
Am sorry to put you through all this trouble but I cannot do this to you. I cannot let you live with a person who has to be dependent on medicine for every day of his life. God only knows what all complexities await for me in the future. People die everyday a long and painful death due to such

diseases. They get various other issues and become dependent on others. Their wives serve them until their bitter end. I don't wish to cause such suffering to you.

My parents brought me up with lots of love and care for which am more than grateful. But they have not put in me the strength to bear such arduous situations. I love you with all my heart and so do not wish to put you through the ordeal of such onerous responsibility of looking after me. Hence am ending my life here to give you a new life. Live it to the fullest.

It may seem stupidity to suicide on such a thing but I am too weak to bear any such simple problems. Also my love for you does not allow me to cause you even an iota of trouble, ever in life."

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***“Not all what burns  
leaves ashes  
behind”***

***~Priyal Nakrani  
Vasoya***

# ***Soul of Albatross***

***~TAHASEEN***

**A**lbatross is one of the most beautiful birds on this planet known for its dynamic soaring. It spends 90% of its life flying miles and miles all by itself independent in its decision making and very mindful about making life by choosing a mate and spend rest of its life with its mate.

This story is about a girl named “Tapassya” who had the soul of albatross. She believes that life long bond begins with elaborate courtship. She meets the miracles by moving beyond basic logic. She often gambles her thoughts with her eyes, her dreams blend with her beautiful mind which lasts for a moment and then vanishes completely. In that unconscious pavement she was living her life.

Everyday there was a new hope clinging to her dream embracing it to fly. She is a beautiful soul with a strong desire to love and to feel it. She always had this idea that when she would fall in love, and it would be forever. If she gives away her heart it would be completely. She was so passionate from within that she wanted to lose herself in love, surrendering and submitting her inner self to someone really special who would be harmonious to her soul.

She believed that there has to be someone somewhere who would exactly resemble her desires. So, it was in night time when she used to write her dream journal and make some clues to recognize, reunite and reassume her long awaited romantic relationship and make her love with her soulmate.

Her love was like a modern art, it can be understood in a numerous ways and she was too on a path of ultimate. Even if she did not intend to exclude anything yet everything disappeared.

The emotions were volcanic feeling of gushing of intense tidal waves. She never felt this rich before total state of abundance where she realized that she need not to depend on anyone to be in blissful state of emotion. She had her own way to feel physical, emotional and psychological ecstasy. She had a simple life and infinite dreams. She did not wanted to be somebody's someone for sometime.

She did not want her pure soul to be broken. The filthy ideas of love was like a manure for her seeds of desire which was buried deep within to germinate and grow a beautiful flowering plant and that was her "dream guy". She started nurturing her desires, constantly supporting her to maintain her pleasant state of emotions.

One night she met her dream guy, her breath was frozen on. The time stood still she had found her love in a hopeless place and her love was happening in an unusual way in her private universe. She saw a man standing alone waiting just for her. Now could she be brave when she was always afraid to fall in love with inner voice repeatedly whispering in an unexplained way that time has come for getting hearts to meet and love has found you. As she walked step by step closer to him all of her doubts suddenly went away.



As she went closer to him, his wild eye expression on his face made her frenzy of range. When he held her hand and gently started speaking,

“We have started our journey together. Let’s get this flow building up. It is a promise that you are gonna love this journey. I can’t stop myself falling for you. Are you able to feel something? Don’t give up on me. I will always love you till all my existence. When your days are hard to bear when your hope is dominated by fear and when you doesn’t want to say anything, I would still be there patiently waiting to hear. I will be psychiatric of your physical world. I feel immortality in every breath and from depth of my heart I feel we are connected.”

Overwhelmed by what she heard, she hugged him so tight gasping her breath. She was speechless and slightly dazzled. She replied softly,

“You are the reflection of my soul, you are the curiosity where I discover myself. I felt your hug when I used to embrace my thought. I would cherish this every second of my existence spending my life in this sweet surrender. I want to keep this moment forever and treasure this all my life.”

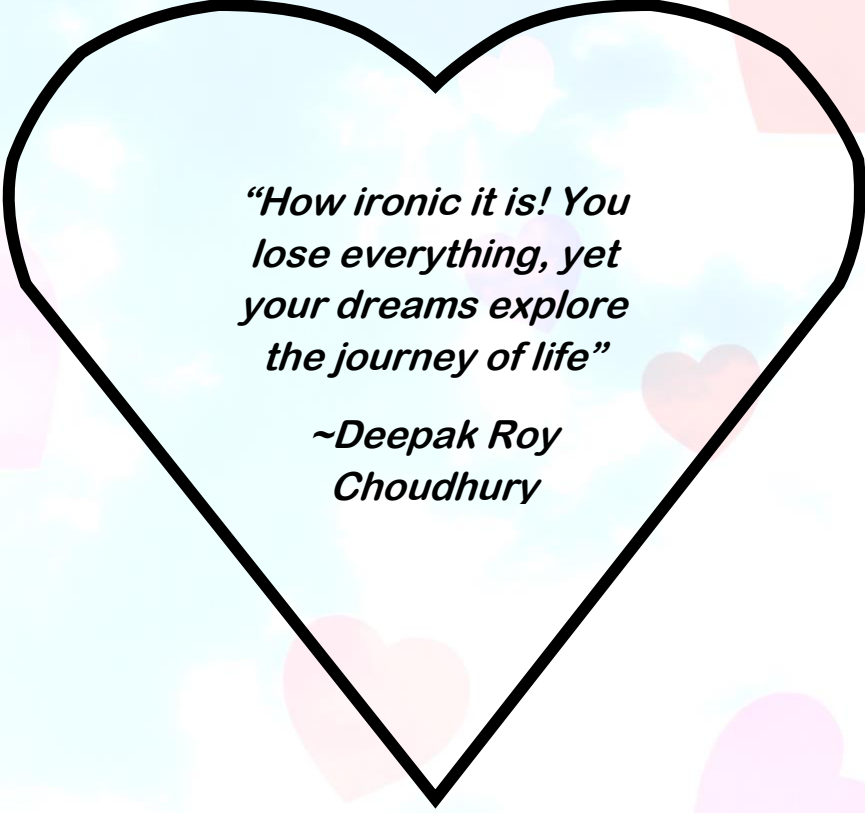
Next day, she woke up with her eyes wet and she still could feel her hand on him. She smiled watching her own hand and she felt his warmth a unique warmth that could sooth her in the cold hostile of reality of life. She continued dreaming and kept those memories for self and never felt

alone. She had a great love affair that doesn't even existed. Her unfaltered love and devotion may be just an illusion.

He lived in her eyes always. She was on the path of ultimate, enjoying the fruits of love experiencing the sweetness of emotion within her. She was very confident about her imagination and hoping for his existences. She would always repeat this to herself,

“He is always with me, no matter where he is and with whom, he is always with me. Fate would be kind but facts would never let us unite. Hope to meet you someday my ‘dream guy’.”

\*\*\*\*\*



***“How ironic it is! You  
lose everything, yet  
your dreams explore  
the journey of life”***

***~Deepak Roy  
Choudhury***

# ***Abridged Passion***

***~S. SIDDHARTH***

It was during the time when the internet was fairly new and people thronged to cyber cafes to explore emails, chat in chat groups and play online games. I had got into the habit of visiting a cyber cafe almost everyday after completing my coaching tutorials.

I used to join Yahoo chat groups and chat with friends, strangers and just try to get to know about them. Some people were responsive while some totally ignored me.

I met Shraddha on one such chat group. Soon we started getting to know each other pretty well and exchanged phone numbers as well. At that time she was working as a ground staff for an airline company in Mumbai. We used to talk almost everyday. Slowly our talks started through phone calls rather than messages. I still remember the first day I talked to her.

We never got to know exactly when we fell in love with each other but it was an amazing experience. Soon, the long distance relationship was established. This was not supposed to be that much long as we wanted to meet now. She was in Mumbai and I was Delhi. I was not yet on earning mode and was still studying for CA. I wasn't exactly in a position to book tickets for Mumbai and go to meet her when I wished. Since childhood, I have always been obese and shy. I never had many friends and my social life was used to be shunned.

Now when the prospect of meeting the person I love was near, I thought of getting in shape and hence started gymming. She was supposed to come to Delhi for a cousin's marriage. I was thrilled. I worked out hard and imagined numerous ways to meet her. We talked about meet up and made a plan. However, two days before our meeting, she said she wouldn't be staying at Delhi and will go straight to

Dehradun where marriage was supposed to be held. I was distraught and was angry on her the very first time. My mood was off.

Days passed and with no prospect of meeting. Shraddha decided to quit her job and come in Delhi for study purpose. She was aware and confirmed that we can meet, be close and stay together.

Exactly at that time, my dad announced that our family would be shifting to Orissa as his was a government job and he had got another posting. I was again heart broken. I pleaded and argued with my parents that I don't want to go, but it felt on deaf their ears.

I tried to tell her that its hard to convince my parents. I told her that our relationship would take toll on us because I was going away to Orissa for at least three years. She supported my decision. At the same time, inexplicable feeling started to come in that How can I be worthy of such a beautiful girl of both nature and face? I started to think that I'm not meant for her.

Two days before I left for Orissa, I told her that we would always be with each other as good friends. Although, she was angry and hurt and told me a lot of things in anger that night. She was sad but she understood the condition.

We used to talk over call and text each day. She asked me several times if she can meet me once. I tried to convince my parents but all got in vain. Mom wasn't well and dad always used to be busy with his job.

We shifted back to Delhi after 3 years but unfortunately she do not used to stay in Delhi anymore. Her marriage got fixed. She ring me one day and said,

“Sid I will always be around if you ever need me. I would just be call or text away. Love would never die, we share a special connection and no matter where ever I go you would always be in my heart.”

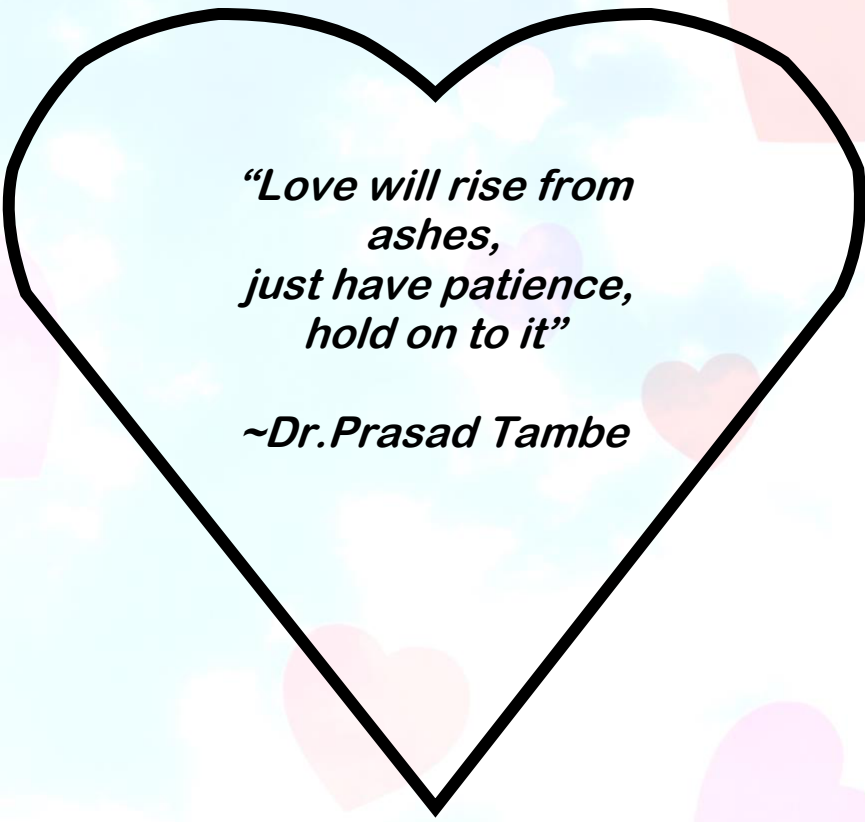
Finally, I told my mom about her and mom said you will be happy someday to meet her. She is a beautiful soul and a well wisher. Years later, I found her on Facebook. She was happily married with a kid which made me happy too.

Days passed.... I found my better half now and I was happy in my life too.

Shraddha and I met several times and we are still best buddies. We still discuss our issues. She always says this “You are lucky to have found your soul mate.”

I asked her is she pretending to be happy or genuinely enjoying her life? and she smiled and said, “I wonder how you know me so well. Our bond has grown stronger than ever in time like our friendship.”

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***“Love will rise from  
ashes,  
just have patience,  
hold on to it”***

***~Dr.Prasad Tambe***



# ***Half Baked Mate***

*~NUSRAT BALUR*

**V**arsha was a very bold, open and kind hearted girl who always wished to help others which gave her the utmost happiness all the time. Varsha's parents wanted her to get married and settle down in a loving and caring family.

### **August 30th, 2011**

It was Varsha's 24th birthday and this year her day was a special one as there was a surprise waiting for her. It was marriage proposal from a family whose only son was Prashanth.

Prashanth was very well-known person in his friends and work circle but was an extremely introvert person. Prashanth's profile was impressive enough for Varsha to agree for the proposal. No sooner did they get engaged and marriage too was arranged within 2 months. Varsha always dreamt of a blessed married life and believed that Prashanth would be her ideal man in fulfilling all her wishes.

### **October 30th, 2011**

Finally, Varsha's happiest moment had arrived when all her dreams would come true. The day when she was getting married to Prashanth.

### **2012 Thereafter**

Initial year of Varsha's marriage was good but she had to struggle little bit getting adjusted to new environment, new home, new customs. Her in-laws too were very supportive, caring and never stopped her from being independent

financially or otherwise but were little possessive about their son being taken away from them. So it took nearly two years for her to feel comfortable with in-laws and the new home. Nevertheless she always used to treat them more than her parents with a feeling of her own home and her own people. Prashanth too liked her a lot. He always used to care for Varsha. In early days of marriage, they were just like an ideal couple blooming with love. Varsha was happy with her life. She loved Prashanth from the bottom of her heart.

With the course of time, suddenly Prashanth started ignoring her existence at home and was always into work round the clock. Days passed in the same way as Varsha was also working and she thought may be Prashanth was stressed up with work life and he needed some time to get along with. She always gave him his own space. Prashanth's behavior was going beyond. He was acting strange like never before. Varsha tried to find out the reason but she failed as Prashanth ignored to say anything. Varsha was surprised with all of this stuff. She asked Prashanth but he did not utter a word about any reason and always said that he was fine.

Now they were more like room-mates sharing same room rather than husband and wife.

### **October 2014**

It's been almost 3 years that they both were married, and it was time for them to plan and extend their family. When she discussed the same with Prashant, he seemed to be reluctant to get into such discussions. It was heart breaking for

her to know that he never wanted to have a child, nor he wanted to lead a married life. During these few years, he had never been out with her for any social gatherings, never accompanied her anywhere nor bothered to ask about her whereabouts as he was in his own world. In spite of all these, Varsha loved him unconditionally. Though Prashanth did not want to have kid, she was fine with it. Even if he did not want to treat her as his wife, she was still OK to lead her whole life with Prashanth as a good friend. But Prashanth started treating her badly by not talking to her, by shouting at her for silly things so that she would get frustrated and leave him but since her love was unconditional, all these behaviors of Prashanth did not matter to her! Days passed on in the same way!!

### October 30th, 2014

It was their third wedding anniversary, Varsha wished Prashanth and said that she never expected any materialistic things from him and all that she expected was only unconditional love from him. Even if he didn't love her she still wanted to celebrate the day, and asked him if they could go out for dinner together at least that day. To this Prashanth replied "You wasted both of our precious time in last 3 years, why don't you understand, we cannot have same life as how we were living! I never wanted to marry, and I am not interested in this married life!"

Prashanth looked into Varsha's eyes and said, "If you really want me to be happy, and if you really love me, kindly give me legal separation." Varsha broke down and couldn't believe what she just heard. She exclaimed "What!?"

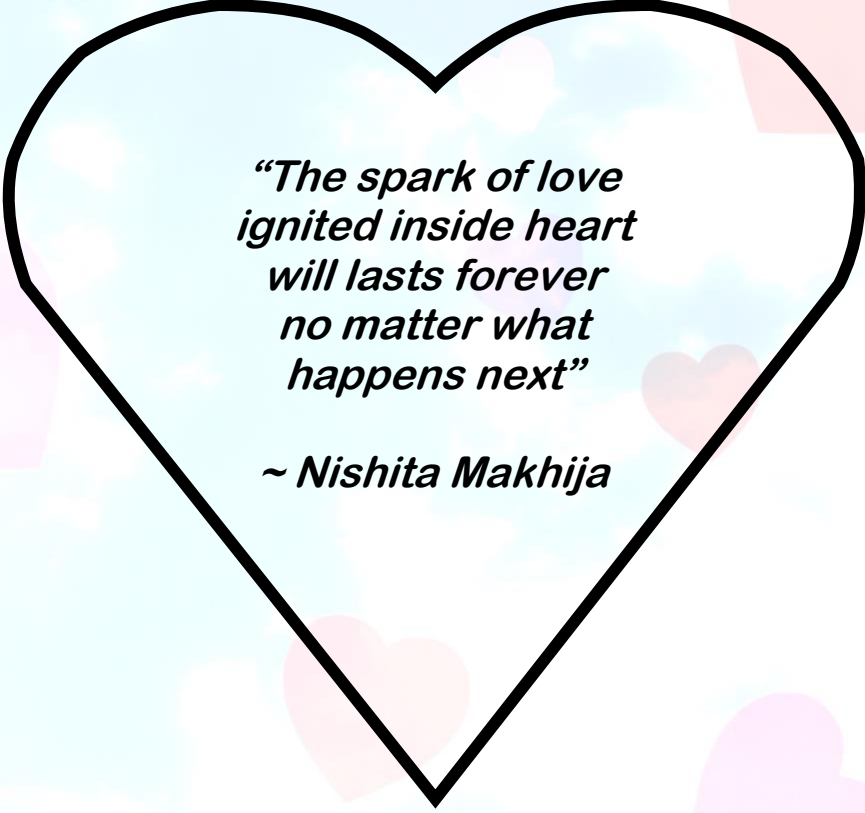
Prashanth replied, "Yes! I need a divorce." She questioned, "Why so?"

He replied, "I just want to stay alone happily and don't want to be bound in relationships. I want to be independent. Please allow me to..."

Varsha's world came crashing down, tears rolling down her cheeks. She just wished she hadn't heard such words from him. After a lot of thinking, Varsha told Prashanth "Fine, let's get separated and this would be our 3<sup>rd</sup> Anniversary gift to you" and then they both got divorced mutually.

Inspite of Varsha's love being true and unconditional, her love story still remained incomplete. The reason for Prashanth's hateful behavior too remained unsaid.

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***“The spark of love  
ignited inside heart  
will lasts forever  
no matter what  
happens next”***

***~ Nishita Makhija***

# ***White Lie***

*~VARTIKA GUPTA*

There is no such story as much interesting as a love story and more often than not, these love stories seems to be picture perfect to us.

Two broken hearts or two hearts craving for love meet each other, silent moments, couple goals, cozy hugs, tons of kisses, sleepless nights and then they set up their small little world.

**1st February 2090**

Neil, a biotechnologist, was busy doing his research in his private lab on the backyard of his house. There was a knock at the door at 4:00 a.m. like every morning of the past four months. "Is it you?," asked Neil.

"Who else will serve you black coffee at 4:00; sweetheart?"

Keeping the coffee on the table nearby, she left and Neil was busy again on his research. At 7:00 a.m. like everyday another voice came from outside and Neil's pretty doll was leaving for school, "Bubiee Daddy!." Waving his hand and wishing her, "Have a good day, Riva, Take care," seeing her from the lab's glass window and then again he got busy with his microscopes, DNA markers, primers, electrophoresis reagents and chemicals.

He was busy working on the research of virus HB03, which could be transmitted to humans with Bionic upgrades. The virus was basically an agent with which living organisms, who are injected with it, go through some gene mutations. "Neil have lunch now, it's lunch hour!," a voice came in the lab and he ignored as he used to.



At 5:00 p.m., a small explosion took place behind his back on a place where he had recently mixed some chemicals. Whole day passed by, he was so busy he didn't even remember about the dinner and Emma didn't give a shout out for dinner tonight.

## **2nd February 2090....(FOR NEIL)**

Craving for coffee, Neil yelled to himself, "Why the hell didn't Emma called me last night for dinner and no coffee on my table right now also?."

He was about to enter their bedroom but she came out, his eyes sunk into his sockets as he looked at her belly, She was at least 7 months pregnant. He arched an eyebrow and stood numb, he could not utter a word. She, on the other end, didn't even remember about her pregnancy and ran towards him and hugged him so tightly and all of a sudden, shouted pushing him away in a confused sense of anger, "Where the hell were you lost in this planet?"

"I was lost?," breaking the numbness he said.

"Umm..ahh..but..what's wrong with you? Is this some kind of joke happening with me. I don't like to be fooled around, okay? Is that clear to you and whose blood and flesh are you carrying in your womb?"

"Neil..Neil...Neil..stop! Be patient! Listen to me honey!," said Emma, giving him a bottle of cold water.

"Tell me where were you?"

"I was in the lab"

"Lab?," asked Emma shockingly, "The lab which burst 12 years ago??" Emma added.

"What are you talking about?," asked Neil annoyingly. Emma now started understanding what all happened with him and started joining the pieces of the puzzle.

"Now listen to me carefully Neil Today is 2nd February 2102, I've grown much older than you and you still don't have a hair white. Our daughter Riva is 16 years old now. I don't have a faintest idea about how is this possible but this is the only thing that's apparent to me right now."

Listening to this, Neil ran towards his lab. He understood that last evening his virus worked but was transmitted to his body alone due to some miscalculated moves. He got the fact that time has passed by. His age, body mind was working detaching him from current timeline. He returned to Emma from the lab and asked,

"Whose baby is this?"

"I married a guy named Jace this year. Our princess needed a father figure in life and he was the only manly figure who was with us all through these years. But Neil, I can break the chains that bind me away from you. You will always be the drug of my choice and you know that, you know how much I love you Neil and....," she replied.

Neil was deeply absorbed in her thoughts and suddenly he stood and left the house slamming the door and yelling, "Don't follow me. Just don't."

He went to 7 / 362 Johnson Road, a red light area, paid for a girl for a week. Next day he entered his house where Emma was residing, wearing a wedding black suit with his wife Sophia with white shining long gown and roses in her hand. Emma was emotional. She sat on her knees with her eyes carrying a mixture of shock and hell lots of anger.

She shouted, "Leave my house right now, I said leave my house. You boneless creature. Why am I at fault? Why are you punishing me for the mistake I had no control over?"

"Emma I....," Neil interrupted.

"What Emma? You can't be sorry for the mistake you did with all your senses open. I am sorry, I am sorry for my husband because I was ready to leave him for a lunatic, like you, Mr Neil Wilson, I love my husband. Get lost!," she pushed him and went inside her bedroom. Neil parted his way too and never returned.

**4th April 2102,**

"Ah..ahhh...ahhh, I'm in pain Jace, do something," shouted Emma in Ward 2B. "Yes, I'll hurry for the blood that matches yours. They need some more time dear."

In no time, nurse came and said, "Sir, we got a match, someone just donated two units of blood that matched hers. Mr. Nei..."

"Whosoever he or she may be, just take her to the OT now, fast," said Jace.

He saw Neil leaving the hospital from the room window after donating blood. He ran towards him, "Hey you are Neil Wilson, right?"

"Go and be with Emma, she needs you Jace", said Neil.

"But why are you in this wheelchair and why do you look so old?," asked Jace, all puzzled. "Tell me otherwise, I will share this with Emma and Riva."

"Wait..no..please..Okay,listen...Emma had still not completely fallen for you, she had strings attached with me. So now to stabilize the situation of two children and my lady love, the only way I had, was to fake a marriage so that she could hate me more than she loved me."

"But why couldn't you take my place? You could easily do that," asked Jace.

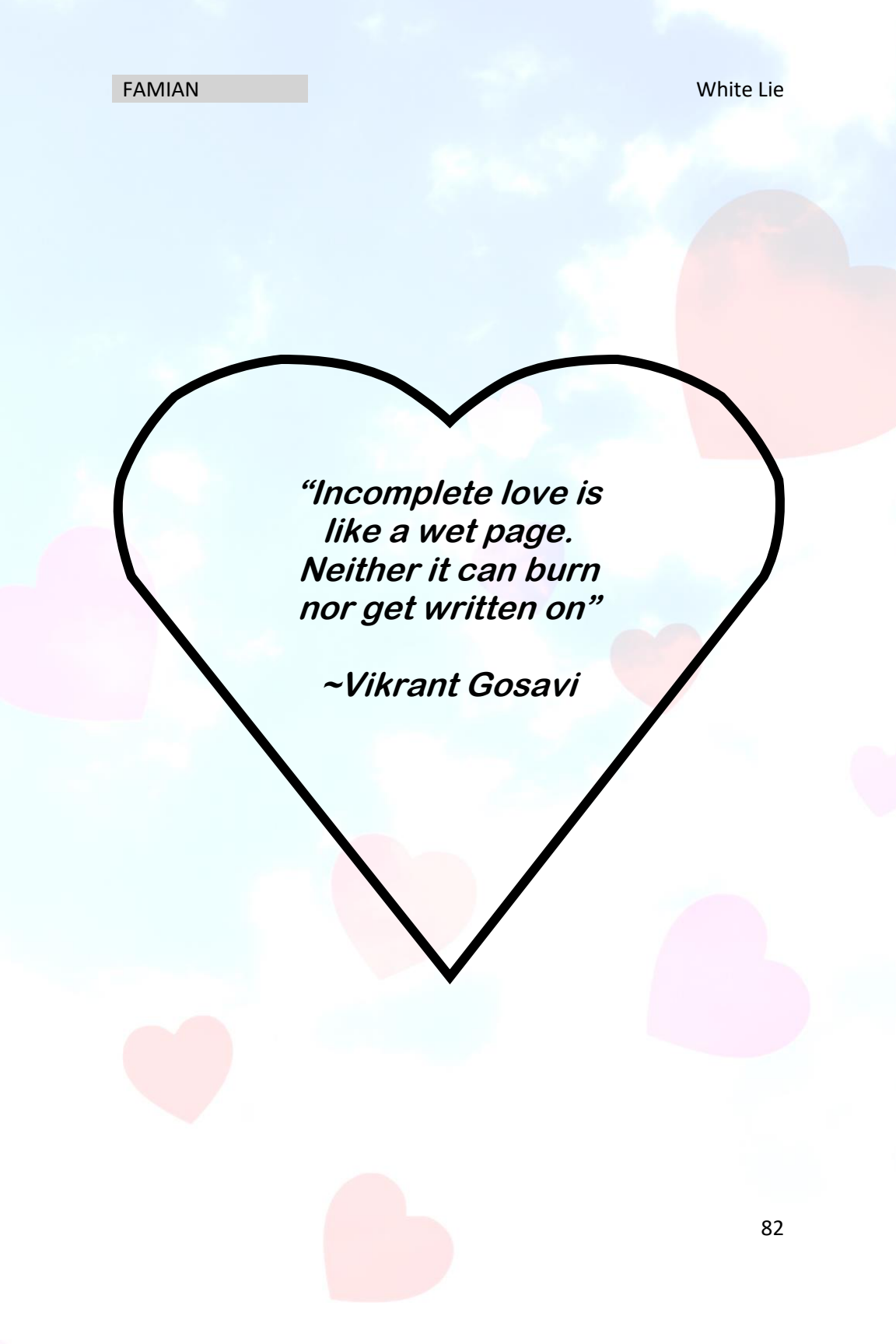
"Look at me and you will get your answer. That virus had sort of increased my lifespan but as long as I was not in my senses, once I am in more contact with Earth's zones, I will not be alive for more than 6 months."

Their eyes locked in shared understanding.

"Everything was a white lie, But love is not just walking hand in hand or crying on each others shoulders, love is a lot more than what we can ever understand."

Saying this Neil faked a smile and left the hospital.

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***“Incomplete love is  
like a wet page.  
Neither it can burn  
nor get written on”***

***~Vikrant Gosavi***

# ***Verse of Acceptance***

*~ ANITA SHINDE*

Jayantilal Karsenbhai Waghela, a hardworking young man lived in Surat. He lost his father at a very young age. In the year 1970, Jayantilal with his dedication and hard work converted his father's small cloth dyeing unit into a small but successful textile factory. Other than working for his factory, his only other passion was reading books and writing poems. Often on Sunday afternoons, he would sit on the banks of Tapi river reading the works of the famous Gujarati authors like Jhaverchand Meghani, Dhumketu, Chandrakant Bakshi. Most of his friends did not appreciate his reading passion and he was longing for someone he could share this treasure with. He hoped that his future wife would appreciate his passion for books.

Kasturiben, the widow of Karsenbhai Waghela was the iron lady who single-handedly ran the cloth dyeing unit after her husband's death until, Jayantilal was mature enough to take it over from her. Now, that the textile business was running successfully, she wanted her son to get married and settle down. She kept showing him photographs of eligible young girls for marriage, but he always kept refusing them.

One Sunday morning, Jayantilal's mother told him to have a look at the envelope kept on the table, unaware of its contents. Jayantilal opened it and from it fell a black and white photograph of a beautiful girl. He instantly fell in love with her angelic face. Her deer shaped eyes captivated his heart. Her thick black hair and that delicate smile were as beautiful as the *ghazals* written by the famous poet Marez. He was so charmed by her beauty, that he readily agreed for the wedding.

Mrignayani, was the eldest of the three daughters of Lachooobhai, who owned a small shop in Bardoli village. She was carefree, happy, seventeen year old girl. Her mother was keen to get her married soon. Lachooobhai and his relatives visited Jayantilal's house with the *shagun* for the '*Chandlo Matli*' ceremony. The marriage date was fixed on the auspicious day of Akshaya Tritiya. Jayantilal spent his days dreaming about Mrignayani and writing poems for her. Finally, on the wedding, the *Varghodo* or the grooms procession travelled from Surat to Bardoli. His relatives were dancing and having fun. Jayantilal felt that he was being rushed through the rituals of *Hast Milap*, *Mangal Pheras* and *Vidaai*. But no one seem to notice anything.

After the marriage rituals were completed, the newly wedded couple returned to their home in Surat. Eventually, all the relatives left and the couple was left alone in their room. Jayantilal initially fumbled to start a conversation with Mrignayani. He went and stood near the window and then quoted a poem of the poet Suketu. He thought that his wife would be enthralled by the appreciation of her beauty in that poem. But instead, Mrignayani was fidgeting with her *saree* and had not paid any attention to what he had said. When she saw him staring at her, she giggled like a small girl. When he approached her, she immediately got up and started searching for her doll in her bag of clothes. He could clearly see that Mrignayani was not of sound mind. She was still a child in the body of a very beautiful woman. Like a pack of cards, Jayantilal's dreams of sharing his poems, his books, his life with his wife collapsed. In anger, he left her alone and slept on the backyard swing.



Next day, early morning Kasturiben saw Jayantilal sleeping on the swing. She went to their room to find out what was wrong. She was taken aback to see Mrignayani sleeping on the bed clutching a doll. On waking up too, Mrignayani didn't act like any newly wedded lady, instead she just hopped off to the kitchen with her doll for breakfast. It didn't take Kasturiben too long to realize that Mrignayani was not of sound mind. She was furious at her parents for cheating them. She decided to send Mrignayani back to her father's house. On hearing this, Mrignayani pleaded with both Jayantilal and Kasturiben to not send her back. If she would be sent back, her mother would mercilessly beat her again. She also showed the blue marks on her legs. Jayantilal was deeply pained. He decided to keep Mrignayani and told his mother to treat her well as she was his wife now.

Few weeks later, Jayantilal took her to Dr Shah who did a few tests on her. While returning home, Jayantilal took her to his favourite spot on the banks of Tapi river. He was talking to her about a novel of Chandrakant Bakshi, but Mrignayani was not paying attention. She was busy throwing pebbles in the river. Jayantilal was initially angry, but he calmed himself. He too started throwing pebbles in the river along with her.

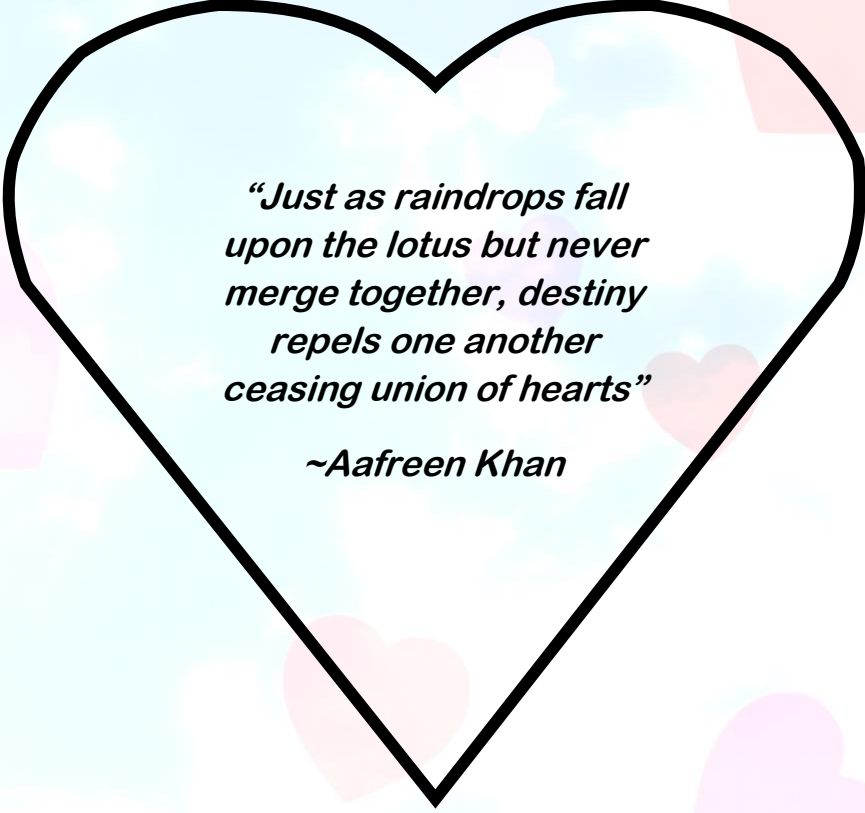
A week later, the test reports came and Dr Shah explained, that Mrignayani's condition was called as Congenital Brain Atrophy, where the brain does not fully develop at birth. So even though she looked like a seventeen year old girl, her behavior would be like that of a seven year old girl. He mentioned that no treatment was available for this condition yet. On hearing this Jayantilal was devastated. His eyes

brimmed with tears. Mrignayani was busy playing with her doll, totally unaware of what Dr Shah had revealed.

Days passed by, but Jayantilal did not lose hope. He kept consulting various other doctors and Hakims for medicines and kept giving them to Mrignayani. Kasturiben often told him to leave Mrignayani and get married to someone else. However, Jayantilal felt responsible for Mrignayani now. Even though she would never be the wife he wanted, he still loved her, in her own unique childish ways. Gradually, Mrignayani too had developed a liking towards him. She started listening to his poems even though she never understood their meaning.

Jayantilal had accepted the fact that even though he had got the person he loved, he would never get the love he sought.

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***“Just as raindrops fall  
upon the lotus but never  
merge together, destiny  
repels one another  
ceasing union of hearts”***

***~Aafreen Khan***

# ***Wordless Sin***

*~DHRUV TALAVIYA*

That was dusk of winter, I wanted to walk a little but my long working day made me tired and head was aching too. Despite of all this, I was still in the park, sitting on the bench under a pleasant shaded tree and was thinking about new comer in my life, my baby. Ocean blue eyes, silky hair, cute smile and cotton soft hands, I was just imagining and lost into it, forgetting everything. A thought broke my potpourri of thoughts and forced my mind to come back to office work. I was lacking one sales person who can market my company products and give it a different height. As I was going to be a father in next few months, it could be hard to work for me, so I generated an online platform for the eligible person to apply on. I and my friend discussed about the advertisement.

After a certain break, thoughts of my baby were roaming around my head again. To blow them far away for a while, with clenched fist, I gently hit on my head and then looked towards the setting sun. At that moment I found a woman, around 26 years old, with opened briefcase, few papers holding in her hand, coming towards me. She placed her belongings on the bench beside me and sat at the corner, staring at running clouds. She wasn't looking like any ordinary woman instead quite more talented and more glorious than others. As she wasn't looking at me, I gazed at her briefcase. Those papers were showing that she was working at our rival food company in sales department. So, I looked at her quickly. She was still lost somewhere. I read her name slightly aloud 'Meera Sharma'. In response to that she stared at me emotionlessly. Without being panic I stretched my hand to hand shake and told her who I was. 'Mohit Mehra', I said. Forcefully she smiled at me. In between conversation I came to know that she lost

her job recently so I grabbed that opportunity. She accepted my offer but she gave me just her resume.

There she was. She joined my company as she agreed to do job. After few days I found that I was addicted to her presence. I couldn't be comfortable at the moment of saying good bye. Once I reached office, my phone beeped. There was a message from Meera for leaving early as she wanted to go for a beach. I granted her leave without thinking about anything and asked her if I could come. Surprisingly she agreed. So, the beach was not so far, the environment looked like the most romantic ever. I had been in love with her that's what I realized during last few days but I couldn't tell her about that. On the beach I decided to open my heart in front of her but the day ended without anything. I and Meera had visited many places together after that day but the same situation took place eventually.

Eight months had been passed since I met Meera. My mind was roaming around her while I was in hospital because now the time had come to be a father. In one room doctors were dealing with my wife, Nandita. Within few minutes, a nurse came out to inform me that I had become father of a girl child. I was limitlessly happy but thought of Meera was bothering me. Meera contacted me to tell something but network issue was there. I thought there might be an emergency so I rushed to my office. When I reached there, Meera was there, holding a bag with a smile but I found dried tears below her eyes.

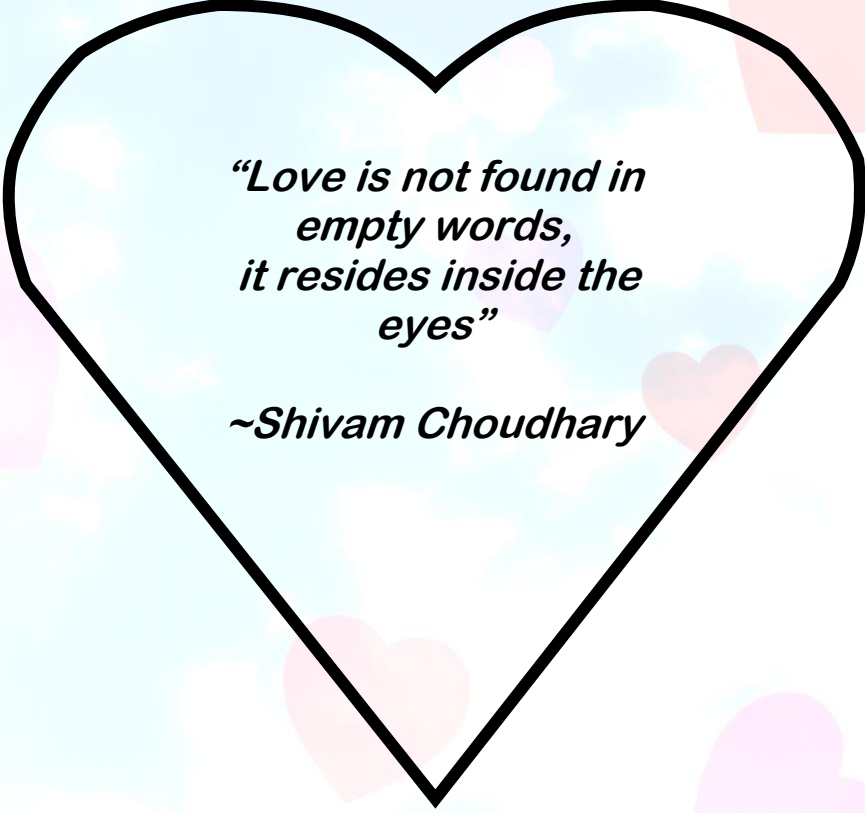
“What happened?”, I asked. She calmly congratulated me. I was completely lost in her. What happened to me, I couldn't understand, I just threw out my feelings in front of her and stood speechlessly for a while. She was also surprised when I did all this stuff but she calmly said, “This is what you want to say?” I was standing there like dumb. “Please, listen carefully, I have never felt for you in that way.” Her speech stopped suddenly.

Those were the last words I heard and then she turned back, I was not able to look into her eyes and within a second she disappeared through the door. Some drops of water were lingering behind her on my office's carpet. I cried a lot that day and the very next day she wasn't in the office.

Sometimes you don't realize what you have done, I committed the same mistake. Rather being the happiest father on that day I was crying on losing my love.

When I returned to my cabin, her resignation letter was waiting on my desk.

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***“Love is not found in  
empty words,  
it resides inside the  
eyes”***

***~Shivam Choudhary***



# ***Prior Reality***

*~ SANDHYA*

**T**he moment of happiness in my life began when "Vihaan" came into my life. I got the reason to live the life as the way I wanted. Our interaction started with social media app. We both had lots of similarities like the way of talking, adapts, happiness, and moods. We had been handling each other by becoming one another's happiness. We grew closer to each other, when we first talked over video call. I still remember his eyes, those were just staring at me. He always used to say, "The smile of my face is his life."

### **Days Passed.....**

We didn't even know when we fell in love with each other. With time, I understood that he was a crazy boy but it was hard to live without him. Now only one thing was bothering us and it was the distance. Staying away from each other sometimes gives a lot of irritation.

Today, when the pain of staying away was intolerable, we decided and started planning for getting together forever, because now it seemed that we cannot live without each other. This was the only topic of our discussion but its level was something else. We talked around one hour and came to the conclusion that now we have to see and touch each other. We have to meet by any way, we were ready to take any step for this action.

### **Next Day...**

When I woke up in the morning, I shut the door of my room, and started to select a dress from my wardrobe to wear. He was already on the way to my city. According to our plan,

this was a secret meet. We already know what fake reasons we have to give to our respective family. Vihaan already was successful in this plan and was travelling in a train. I rushed as I thought he will be here in some few hours and then we will visit some place in the town. He likes me in *saree* so I decided to wear my mom's *saree*.

His message popped up on my mobile screen that he would be waiting for me at railway station's waiting room. There was so much excitement in me. As time of meeting was approaching, my heart beat was getting faster.

One question was still bothering me that, What if I couldn't get out? What if my mom won't allow?, then,?

Suddenly, my phone rang. It was Vihaan...

He - "What are you doing baby?"

I - "I was wondering what will happen if our meeting got canceled?"

By taking such a long time, he said, "Why so negative."

I - "I am ready baby."

He - "I will wait till the time ends , " baby, you just come."

I - "What If I don't come( as a joke)."

He - "Again thinking negatively. I don't know then."

Happ happ happ ☹️"disconnected.

Suddenly a voice came to my ears.."Tinaaa"

Yes Mom...

I ran towards my mom's room. The phone fell from my hand. Tears were in my eyes as I saw my mom lying on ground with her one hand on her chest. She was in immense pain.

It was a shocking scene for me. I couldn't understand the situation. I rushed to call the taxi and took her to the hospital all by myself with a helping hand from the driver.

She was taken immediately into the intensive care unit. Doctor examined her and notified us that she had a heart attack.

I was totally lost. "Like my world which was about to begin, all ended in a moment."

In no time, Dad and my brother reached the hospital premises. I was crying yet I explained the situation to them.

After few hours, Doctor said that she is out of danger and will be kept in keen observation for few more days.

I was bit happy. I thanked God. Things were getting fine. Some reports were also normal.

It was evening, I didn't even realize. In my jumbling head, I still knew that someone was waiting for me since morning. I started searching my phone. I realized that in all that hurry, I forgot my phone at home. I told dad that I am going home for bit fresh up and will return soon.

I reached home.

I searched my phone which was still lying on the ground as it fell down from my hand.

There were lots of messages in my inbox.

Where are you babu?

Come on?

Please come?

Reply at least.....

I guess around a 100 messages were there.

I called him, but his phone was unreachable. I tried so many times but all in vain. Finally, I rushed towards the railway station. There was a lot of crowd at the railway station. I searched him at every waiting room and each platforms. Then I realized that I was too late. I wanted to explain to him all about today. I confronted myself with the probability that he might had left for his city. I didn't know that he has left for forever. **HE WAS GONE!**

I tried so many times to call on his phone, but I don't know why, it never reached. I was also not able to connect with him on any social app. I do not accuse him of leaving that day but, if only once he could listen to the reason why I did not show up that day, then, I will be satisfied.

**Days passed...**

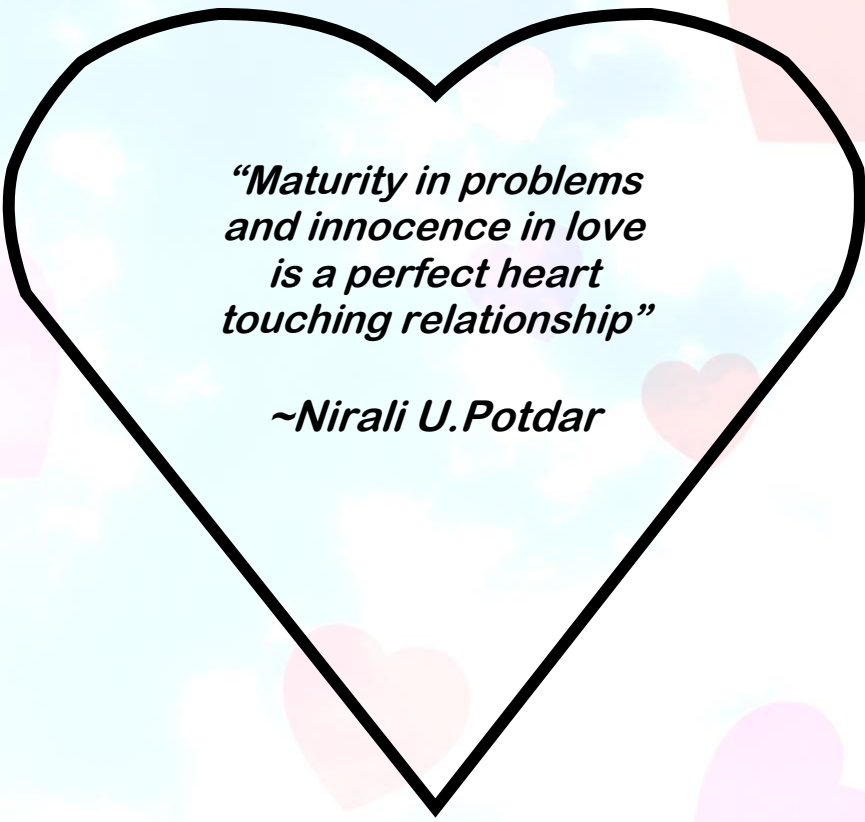
I still try his phone number with a wish that he will reply. He has become so ruthless towards me, and never looked back.

Was I wrong??

Was I that much arrogant and ignorable.

I learned lot of things but yet I lost my happiness, my smile, my love..!

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***“Maturity in problems  
and innocence in love  
is a perfect heart  
touching relationship”***

***~Nirali U.Potdar***

# ***Blinked Affection***

*~ SAYYEDA AFREEN SULTANA*



There was a girl named Hurain in Bangalore. She was very beautiful, intelligent, a little bit arrogant but was also smart and hardworking. She always used to think about her future and her marriage. She always had a feeling that she might get her true love in her future husband which will be eternal and she won't lose it till death. With the course of time, Hurain's parents started thinking about her marriage. Of course Hurain got a bit emotional after listening to this but somewhere she was happy that finally she was going to get her true love about whom she had been dreaming till that date.

Hurain's parents found a groom for her. She respected her parent's choice and without even meeting him once, she decided to get engaged with the boy to whom her parents selected. Similar to Hurain, the chosen boy whose name was Aziz was also a simple guy with a decent hairstyle and nature. So finally, it was the day both Hurain and Aziz were waiting for, the day of their engagement.

Both of them were very happy that this was the day when they were going to meet each other for the very first time with so much of dreams and feelings. Heartbeat of Hurain was tickling high as that moment was near. Now the time came when they saw each other with so much of emotions, expectations and this was the moment where they felt something, some attraction for each other. May be it was the love at first sight. Hurain and her fiancé Aziz both were very much happy after seeing each other. The engagement function completed and their marriage was destined after 1 year from the present date. So there was a sufficient time gap for marriage after the engagement. In between this duration, they

met just twice. Firstly during some family occasion and then second time, Aziz came roadside near her house just to see her and that was the era of phone calls where social sites not had taken the charge over. It was very much common that after engagement almost all the engaged couples used to get connected on phone calls. Aziz called Hurain and asked her to come on the window. So in this way, they saw each other for the second and final time and then decided they will meet directly after marriage only.

No more meet ups except phone calls but without sharing photos, videos etc. It was like a pure bonding and a mutual understanding between each other. Aziz was fond of Hurain's sincerity, purity and ofcourse her beauty and also the beauty of her heart. In no time, they fell in love deeply. Now it was the situation that they were eagerly waiting for, their big day, their marriage.

Days passed all in a blink for Aziz and Hurain.

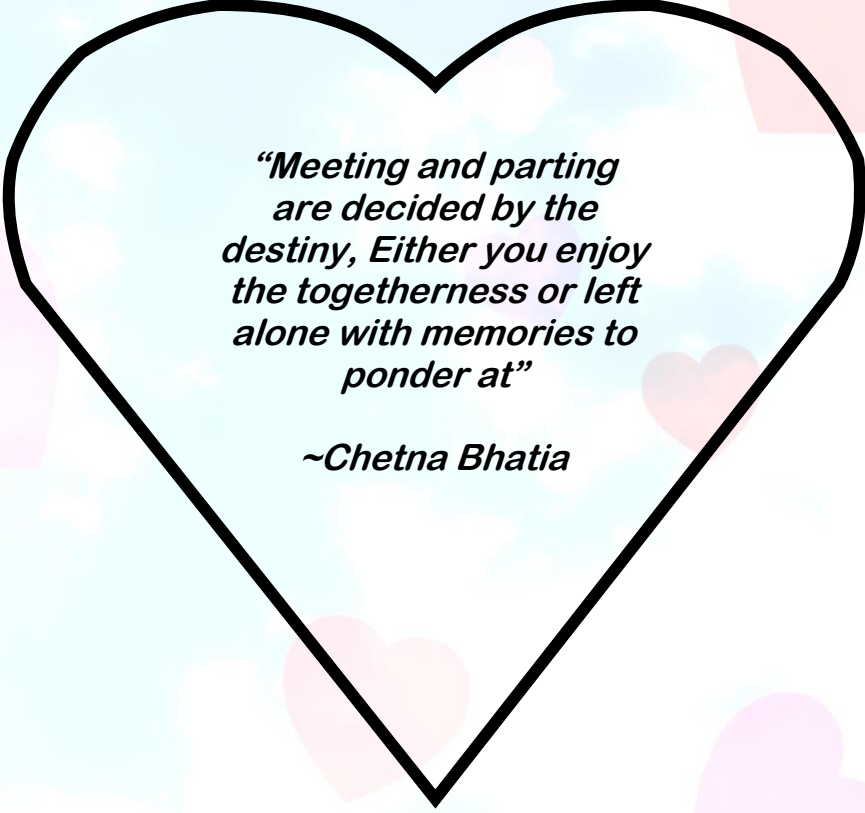
Finally the occasion of marriage was near and the rituals started. Preparation was in a full swing. Decoration was almost done. Everywhere there was a great enjoyment. But during one of these functions and rituals something happened between both the families. It was some intense discussion and a heart breaking conclusion was made. Aziz's family demanded something. Yes! Now they wanted the venue and dishes according to them when all the things were already decided.

Just want to clear one thing, these demands were made after Hurain's family were already agreed to give dowry beyond their expectations. Any father who spends his entire life

collecting the money in pieces for the marriage of his daughter will never want to shatter the dreams of her. Hurain's father too tried harder to convince Aziz's family. The situation was beyond him now as he had already done everything from his side. Aziz's family was yet stuck in their demand. Soon Aziz and Hurain were acknowledged with the conditions. Aziz too tried to convince his parents but he failed.

The consequences affected their marriage. Hurain and Aziz both loved each other a lot and they also knew that they can't go against their parents. They tried a lot to get married with each other but they were not succeeded. Marriage was cancelled. Hurain was totally broken down. She decided not to get married with anyone else and will always love her fiancé whether he get married with other or not. True love's bonding is quite different. Its affection, attraction, everything is not measurable.

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***“Meeting and parting  
are decided by the  
destiny, Either you enjoy  
the togetherness or left  
alone with memories to  
ponder at”***

***~Chetna Bhatia***

# ***Tangled Love***

*~ SEEMA S. SIDDHARTH*

It was the night when my dad collapsed and was admitted in Millennium hospital, Delhi on 31st April'2002. I met Vikas at the pharmacy, he was working there and I was doing my internship in same hospital. I went to buy medicines and first time I felt a instant connection with him. It was around 2am, I wasn't able to sleep so asked the nurse at the reception where to watch TV. She politely replied, "Ma'am you can go to the basement, you can watch TV near pharmacy." Vikas was doing night shift so he was making inventory and I asked him if I can use the phone as I have to request song to be played on TV. He said it's not allowed but I can as I was an intern.

It was chilling because of the air-conditioner so he got a blanket and made some tea for both of us. We started talking and he asked if we can exchange numbers but I refused. He still gave me his number and said that I can call him whenever I need any medication for my dad and he would deliver it in ICU. We talked all night and then around 4am, I went to check on my dad.

Although he was under heavy medication and couldn't respond much, he was able to hear me. I told him about Vikas as my dad was my best friend. He heard me and softly asked me to call Vikas. He wanted to meet him before he closes his eyes for ever.

Next morning before Vikas left for his house he met my dad. My dad asked me if I liked him to which I replied that I wanted to know him more. As the days passed we just met

every night in hospital and we used to roam around in hospital at night.

When dad would fall asleep, as no one was allowed in ICU for certain hours, we used to talk, eat food together in a small shack behind hospital. First time I felt safe with someone as I always used to be with my dad. He was not recovering as doctor had expected. Dad called our family and said he wanted me and Vikas to get married and to which we replied him to first recover and after that we will get married.

Unfortunately on 12th May, 2002, dad passed away leaving us completely shattered. I was thrown out of the house on the same day as I was an intern with the same hospital and my grandparents accused me of mercy killing my dad. I asked my mom and brother if they also wanted me to go and they agreed as well and I left. With no place to stay and no hope to live, I was very upset and devastated. Vikas called few minutes later and I was crying and packing my bags. He asked what's wrong and why I was leaving my house? I told him that my grandparents have blamed me for my dad's death. He asked me to come and stay in his small house, he also said that he was not wealthy but has a big heart full of love. I was in no condition to understand what he meant but still I had faith in our relationship and went to meet him. I completely got overwhelmed when his family accepted me with all their love and affection. They took care of me as their daughter in law but we weren't married. He loved me like he loved his family, understood me, he never expected me to love him back but I was falling for him. Finally we decided to get married after few months as I was turning 21.



One day my mother came searching for me. I did not know where she got the address from. She said that she was not doing well since last few days. She had to be admitted in hospital. I asked her what can I do when I am not staying with her as she only confronted before that I was not part of family. She said, "Your brother isn't taking care of me as he is not mature enough". I looked up to Vikas and he asked me to come in our room to talk. I asked for his decision. He said he didn't want me to regret any decision so it's better for me to go and support my mom and he would talk to his family as they won't let me leave so easily.

Next day, we deliberately created a huge fight. He was hurted and I was too. In the heat of the moment, he said me to leave his house and go to stay with my mom. While he was heart broken and was packing my things, he kissed me on my forehead and said, "I am always with you no matter where ever you go; we will always be together."

But in the eyes of his family we were enemies of each other. We didn't love each other, that's what his family thought. I left home and went to stay with my mom. When I was traveling to Lucknow on 15th june'2004 with my mom, she collapsed in train itself. I panicked and I had no battery left on my phone. I literally begged from people to help me revive my mom and give me a phone to make a call to my granny. I told her that mom had collapsed in train and is unconscious. So can get an ambulance and in meanwhile I tried to revive mom but she was stiff and cold. After a month of treatment and sleepless nights, my mom passed away.



Vikas still came to Lucknow on 15th July'2004 and then also he had respect and love for me in his eyes. He said nothing but was always there with me. We parted our ways from that day as I had the responsibility of my younger brother who was studying in 12th standard and needed a lot of moral and emotional support.


We still talked every now and then. He came to meet me several times as I was also in depression. He asked me to get married so we both can move on and be happy in our life as his parents were angry because of my previous decision of going back home and being selfish to take care of my mom.

We can't make everyone understand why and how situations can change priorities.

It took me about a year to prove my innocence to my grandparents after mom passed away and to change the way my family had treated me. Later on Vikas got married and now has a cute daughter, we still meet and do video calls very often and talk as best buddies with the same love and respect for each other.

He was my first love and my best friend forever.

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***“Every heart sings a  
song of incomplete love  
until another heart  
whispers back to feel  
very special like never  
before”***

***~Dimple Rohra***

# ***Sketched Dreams***

*~ SYED FAIZ IBRAHIM*

Love is not our cup of tea!," his heart always confronted to him. Ayaan was a simple guy with a slight sense of humour. He was an introvert and somewhat shy when it comes to talking with a girl. His friend circle was limited. Ayaan was under his graduation period and always used to listen to his friends curiously whenever they used to give him any love advice. Ayaan used to take that in casual and always used to say, "Love is a fake dilemma." Besides this, he was having a technical brain which always helped him to deal with uniqueness. Ayaan was fond of sketches. He was a sketch artist by skills.

The world started to adapt itself in the new era of digitization. It was the time when digital interaction came into play. Social sites were ruling the market. Everyone was so engaged that skipping meals were too common. Ayaan made one app named as "Sketch Dreams". The app was a social one with a theme that people can post their own sketches and can explore other's. In spite of being the founder and maker of the App, Ayaan joined the app as a normal person with the name "Splash Dreamer". He used to post his sketches. Sometimes he used to get appreciation and sometimes he used to give it to others via commenting on their post.

**12th November 2017**

Ayaan came across to one post when he was exploring different sketches from different people. The sketch was about "modesty". Ayaan was very much impressed with the sketch. The sketch belonged to "Kahkashan."

Kahkashan was a simple girl who did not trust people easily. Ayaan wanted to promote her sketch as a representative from "Sketch Dreams" on bidding stores. And for that, he had to talk it with Kahkashan. He commented on the sketch of Kahkashan that it is fabulous. She was pleased with such remark and replied with a 'thanks'. But that thanks was not enough for Ayaan as he wanted that sketch for representation. He again commented:

"Can you give me your email ma'am. I want original soft copy of your sketch. This can be nominated for a contest with your name. Will you permit me to do so?"

She was delighted after hearing that. She agreed.

Ayaan already had Kahkashan's login credentials including email after all he was the owner of the app. Yet he asked her mail id as a normal person. Ayaan mailed her and explained everything in brief. He did not tell her that he was the owner of the app. He just guided her about the event and submission. Ayaan indirectly asked for her contact number. Only one thing was in his mind, the popularity of his app if Kahkashan's sketch get selected in an event.

She was more dazed with his brief explanation. She didn't want to share her contact number with anyone whom she didn't know about. Ayaan knew why she was hesitating to give her number. He didn't force her, though he eagerly wanted to get the original sketch. He told her that it's okay and he wouldn't force her to do so. She could share her contact number whenever she feels comfortable. Although Kahkashan didn't share her contact number, she was constantly thinking

what Ayaan said. On the other side, the thought of presenting the sketch through 'Sketch Dreams' was revolving round Ayaan's mind. Ayaan managed the situation. He agreed and was aware that Kakhkashan was not comfortable to give her number. So he explained the submission procedure to her on email itself. Kakhkashan submitted the sketch all by herself as guided by him.

Some days passed. Ayaan again knocked Kakhkashan, but this time, he started with her personal info-- her hobbies, interests etc. While their conversation, he asked about what she had thought about his proposal. Kakhkashan was willing to accept but she hesitated. After having a long chat, she finally agreed to give him her contact number but at the condition that he would never share it with anyone else.

Both Ayaan and Kakhkashan started talking on texts and calls. Kakhkashan was feared earlier, but later she found Ayaan honest and cordial. They became good friends in a very short time. They exchanged their photographs and spent most of their time talking with each other. They used to share everything, even their past memories. Years passed on, they became best friends. But they were not aware of the fact that this friendship was going to turn into a strong bond called 'love'. Ayaan liked Kakhkashan; the way she talked, her character, her sweetness made him feel a deep attachment with her. It was the beginning of love. He often asked her whether she liked someone or not but the answer always came in 'no'. He was curious to know if there was any who could steal Kakhkashan's heart. Most of his time was spent thinking about Kakhkashan. She too, was getting more attached to him. Soon


they both realized that it's nothing but love. Love, that can make the heaven hell and the hell, heaven. Ayaan remembered how he used to deny the concept of love, and then, cupid had played cleverly and won.

The two love birds were then thinking and wishing the rest of their life with each other. The only blessing for them was that they belonged to same religion. The things and consequences were not that easy. The thing that was frightening Kahkashan was, 'principles'. Both their families had their own principles, they were very strict in the matter of love before marriage. Although Ayaan and Kahkashan were not wrong, but the circumstances in which they had met, might make everything worse. The second thing that could be proved a major obstacle in their relationship was 'distance'. They both belonged to different cities, too far away to make things go as they thought it to be. Hence their cultures were different too. Kahkashan's family was an Orthodox. They could hardly accept friendship between two opposite sexes. Same was the scene when it came to Ayaan's family. But the bond between the two was getting deeper and deeper with time. They even feared to lose each other.

**August 2019**

The wheel of time was moving fast. They both accepted that path of love is not that easy. They have not yet parted their ways. They still believe that if God wills, they will meet one day and if not then he may have planned something for them separately for sure.

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***“A heart never forgets  
the taste of love it  
tasted,  
till it begins to taste a  
new uncommon love”***

***~Gayathri***



# ***Indomitable Relation***

*~ TRITRISHNA GHOSH*

Let the light of my fortune illuminate you in a sense never done before and let the shadow of your destiny kiss my cheeks and led me to the dark chambers of uncertainty,” said Nirmaan in his mind.

## BLOOMING OF LOVE

It was summer, temperature was soaring up high leaving people panting for shed and water. Nirmaan; a first year mechanical engineering student reached the bus stop from where he avails the bus service to his college .

Nirmaan was waiting for his bus to arrive when his eyes stuck at the girl, sitting at the second last seat of the regular 247-3D route bus. Her deep brown eyes and a small mole just below her lips on the left corner of her chin, made him go weak on his knees. The day passed by with the thoughts of the girl making a permanent residence in his heart.

Next day, Nirmaan went to the same bus stop for a glimpse of his angel and to his luck he spotted her that day too. It was a new sensation for Nirmaan and due to his inhibitions, he was unable to talk to the girl and tell her about his feelings. From someone, he came to know the name of the girl; Aishani. She was different from other girls of her age. She was always silent and her eyes spoke more than her mouth could ever speak. It seemed she was trying to hide something.

One fine day while waiting at the bus stand, suddenly their eyes met and it was clear for Nirmaan within a second that Aishani liked him. Her eyes were a witness to her inexpressible love. Nirmaan now has completely fallen in love

for Aishani and his heart was jumping with ecstasy to tell her what he felt for her.

Days were passing with usual fervor. Both were getting glimpses of each other but heart was wanting more than that. The attraction of love was from both ends but both were miles apart from each other.

Aishani, belongs to a family of goons and her two brothers were famous for their activities and do not let any boy near their sister. Aishani was fearful over the deeds done by her brothers and so she was unable to share a word with Nirmaan.

Days turned to months and months changed to years. The unheard scream of their heart, the affinity of their soul and the unnamed relation they build for each other was a mirage they were seeking for.

## PROPOSAL

Nirmaan reached his final year of engineering and soon he would be graduating and he decided to propose Aishani. It was monsoon in Delhi and the day finally arrived when Nirmaan was going to pour his heart out to Aishani. It was raining cats and dogs. That day Nirmaan decided to board the bus from two stops earlier than the usual stop to surprise Aishani. Aishani got bewildered when she could not find Nirmaan at the bus stop. Her eyes were constantly searching for his soul mate whom she had not missed a single day since the previous years. Nirmaan took the extreme front seat of the bus so that Aishani could not spot him and he could amaze

her with his presence. He brought a rose and a ring along with him to propose her. Aishani was in a dilemma that what exactly happened to Nirmaan as she could not see him at his usual spot. The bus went a few miles and Aishani was looking outside the window and the only thought ran through her mind was of Nirmaan. Suddenly to her surprise Nirmaan appeared in front of her and for a moment they just stared at each other.

Nirmaan without wasting much time gave the rose in her hands and said two lines in her ears, and as he paused after the last word he spoke, his back was banged with the wooden stick. It was done by the two brothers of Aishani who were there, present in the same bus. Their inhuman heart and their ill-famed act injured Nirmaan and he started bleeding profusely. Aishani tried to stop her brothers from hurting him anymore but they kicked him like a savage. He was then thrown from the moving bus. The people in the bus were mere audiences who could not do anything against the goon culture. Aishani's eyes were in tears and she went numb, the rose was still in her hands and the ring Nirmaan wanted to present her was on the ground with stains of blood. Aishani somehow managed to grab the ring but her brothers threw the rose, and dragged her with them.

## THE UNEXPLORED LOVE

“How is the story?” Aishani asked to her grand daughter Meera again.

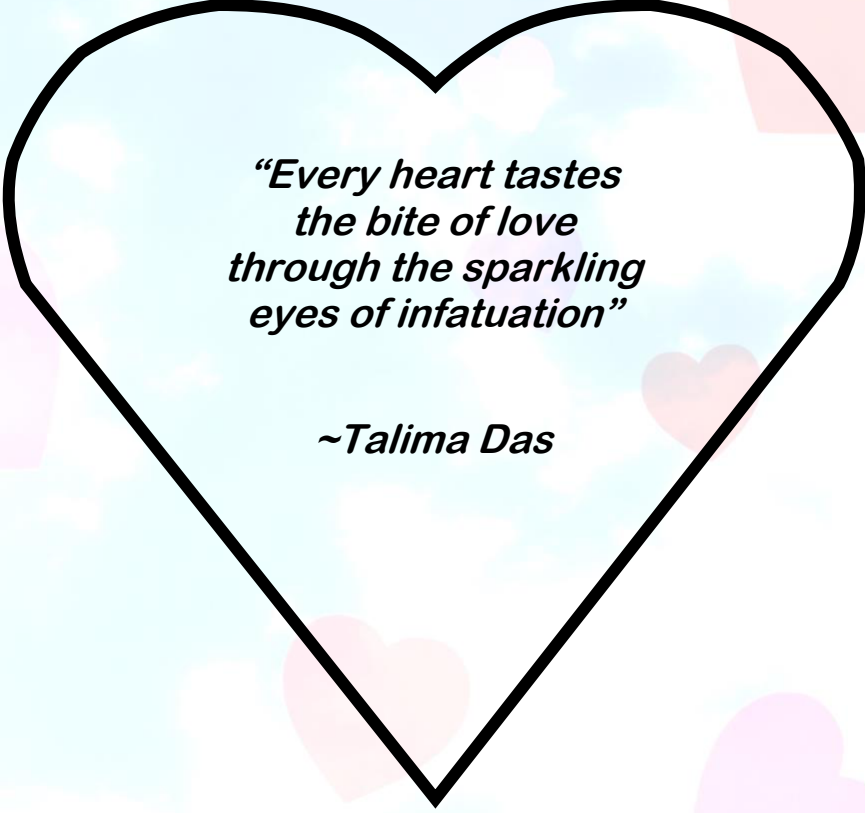
After that incident, Aishani was not allowed to continue college and she was married off far from there. She started a family with words never expressed and feelings

untouched. Meanwhile, she came to know from her house maid about the memory loss of Nirmaan after the accident and no one knows where he has gone. She always used to narrate the unexplored love story of her and Nirmaan to her grand daughter but never uttered the two lines which Nirmaan said in her ears before her cruel brothers took his life and let Aishani leave his sight permanently.

Meera told her grandmother that she kept the story every single time unfinished. She never told her what lines were uttered by the hero of the story into the heroine's ears. But that day she was determined to know those two lines for sure. She pestered too much. And finally her grandmother gave in. She started in silence:

The hero uttered, "I know your brothers will definitely kill me if I say this words but I want you to know that I love you against all discouragement that could ever be."

\*\*\*\*\*



***“Every heart tastes  
the bite of love  
through the sparkling  
eyes of infatuation”***

***~Talima Das***

# ***Rolling Mayhem***

*~ KAMLESH MISHRA*

What is needed for every story or preferably a love story? As most of the stories, nearly every love story begins in school or college. Not necessarily every story bears fruit. Some have dead end, some rot or some never climbs the ladder to become a love story. Every story has some deep emotions. Not every story is attached to both the sides but still it has strong impact on at least one of the side.

This story started back in college days where Dhruv saw Rashi first time in cold mornings of winter at maths tuition class. It was not usual feeling that you feel for every girl .He felt something strong for Rashi. But as many love stories have the same problem of shy boy or girl hiding feelings and blah blah, same was the case with this too.

Actual reality is that nobody gives a damn about how and what you feel? Still feelings are uncontrollable. We run for those who don't even feel our presence. Same thing happened with Dhruv. What he felt for Rashi was never being told.

Time passed on and he got stronger feelings for her. It is said that if you really have strong feelings, somehow you get the chance and only thing you have to do is grab the opportunity when you have.

They got into contact through some of their common friend. Soon the communication started between them through some social network. Now the distance played the role and they went apart. But as we say persistence has power, they stayed in contact. Dhruv still wanted to express his feeling. He gave signs to the girl but it is a fact that girls act as dumb to hear the same from the boys. This is not only the issue, sometime



misunderstanding also plays the role. We go for those who don't have the same feelings as you exhibit. But we become stupid when it's about our affection. Still, if you really like someone it's not so easy to say and just let it go. For the time you plan to go for the proposal or just even think of telling your feelings, you become sick and start acting weird.

What can be the most problematic love story? Is that a one sided or loving a girl who is already in relationship?

Every case can be problematic and disturbing too. It's like dumping your mind into trash, just losing the senses of the conscience.

Finally, Dhruv proposed the girl gathering all of his senses. He spoke his heart out from the day he saw the girl. Can't say the girl accepted the proposal but she considered his feelings. Rashi already predicted this well before as she was observing Dhruv through times. A kind of relation was established between them where there eyes had lots to say, feel and confront. Rashi too had a kind of affection for Dhruv.

Was it a love actually?

Dhruv was happy as now both were talking and sharing their life with each other.

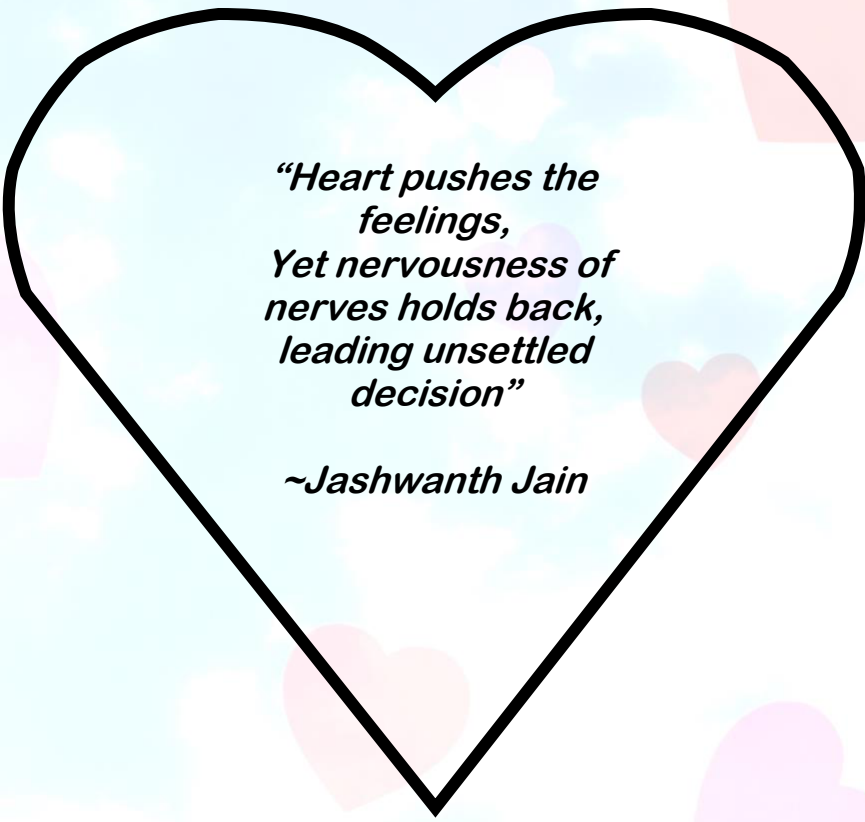
One fine day, Rashi told Dhruv that they are not destined to be together. When Dhruv asked the reason, she just said that she couldn't tell the reality. Dhruv was unhappy and felt low. They stopped talking and moved apart.

Well, I wish this was the end of the story. But she also said one more thing to Dhruv that she was already having boyfriend and her parents were looking a groom for her too.

“WTF, you are having boyfriend and you are letting your parents to search for groom?” Actually, what can be more complicated than this. We have something in mind, we want something and go for something and simply make joke of the things that matters existentially.

Not everyone is looking for wasting time. Most of the time stories remain incomplete for the reason that has no proper base for its end.

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***“Heart pushes the  
feelings,  
Yet nervousness of  
nerves holds back,  
leading unsettled  
decision”***

***~Jashwanth Jain***

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Started on : 15<sup>th</sup> Jan'18

**Deep Into Day Light** was a dream which came to reality on 15th January 2018. The creator was not sure when she created it that these page will be acquainted with some beautiful peoples' and someday she would try to reach their heart through her writings. This page is all about emotions untold.

You can visit the page @deep.intodaylight and give your honest reviews about her writings. We hope you will relate to them and find resemblance with some phase of your life. **LAST BUT NOT THE LEAST**, visit the page to know how dreams exactly look like with a vision to satiate your literary need. She will definitely wait for your affirmative response over her page.

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Love is not something that can be studied or understood. It has always been a matter of experience. Although we all like to have a perfect ending for everything, love is something which can be mesmerizing even if the ending is not that 'perfect'. Speculations that love destroys one's career is pathetic and is favored by those who has never felt true love anytime in the life.

*Not every love story starts with a  
"I love you"  
and not every love story ends with a  
"I hate you"*

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